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JUNE 11, 1956

**America and the Intellectual:
The Reconciliation**

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



JACQUES BARZUN

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(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

VOL. LXVII NO. 24

Lowest Priced Rocket!

There's an unmistakable *feel* to an Oldsmobile . . . from the feeling of importance when you own it . . . to the wonderful feeling of flying when you drive it.

Outside, the styling leadership of the functional "Intagrilite"—actually two bumpers in one—and nearly 17 feet of over-all beauty tell you this is *big-car* luxury!

Inside, there's room to spare . . . real comfort for a couple or a carload. And you're riding in high style.

This Oldsmobile "88" delivers a big difference in performance, too, with a 230-h.p.†, 9.25 to 1 compression Rocket Engine. You can even have the double-fluid-coupling smoothness of Jetaway Hydra-Matic* if you desire.

The price . . . *right down* with many models in the low-price field! See this Rocket "88" at your Oldsmobile dealer's now!

†230 h.p., standard on Super 88 and Ninety-Eight models.

*Standard on Series Ninety-Eight; optional at extra cost on all other series.



"88" 2-DOOR SEDAN

OLDSMOBILE

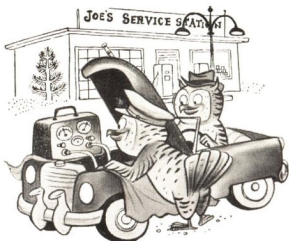


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a series by Ethyl Corporation



The No Budgie is in real trouble. While the rest of the flock have taken off for their warm, dry nests, he's still trying to get going. But he's been grounded by a dead battery.



The Smart Bird avoids annoying battery failure by having his service station check it frequently. He knows it's wise to get a weak one recharged or to install a peppy new one.



The Smart Bird knows how to get peppy engine performance, too. He always uses premium gasoline. Premium gasoline's higher octane rating lets your engine deliver full power when you ask for it.

It's smart
to use
premium
gasoline



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-filter
-flavor
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cigarettes from
crushing.
No tobacco in
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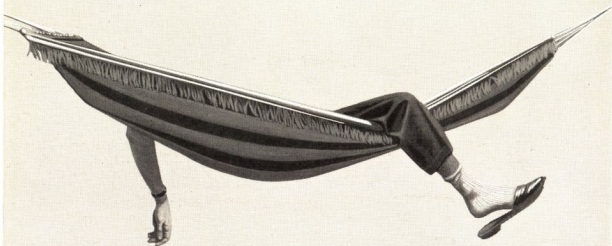
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THE FILTER CIGARETTE IN THE FLIP-TOP BOX

You get the man-size flavor of honest tobacco without huffing and puffing. This filter works good and draws easy. The Flip-Top Box keeps every cigarette in good shape. You'd expect it to cost more, but it doesn't.

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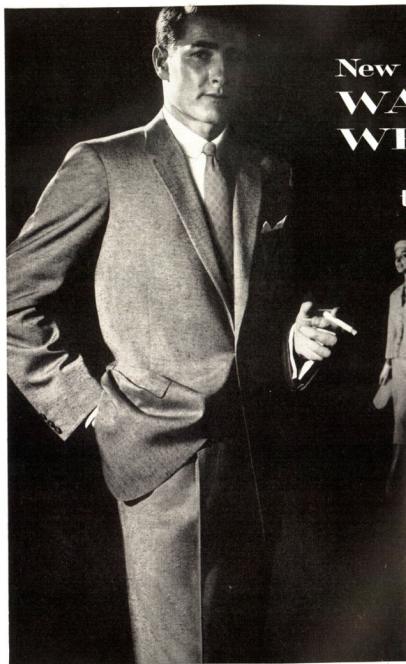


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New
**WASH and
WEAR** suits
are easy
to keep neat

Du Pont "Dacron" and "Orlon" make possible these remarkable suits that wash by hand or machine...



drip dry ready to wear!



This summer, you can have a new kind of suit! It's wonderfully lightweight, cool and comfortable with the *extra* convenience of wash and wear. A high percentage of "Dacron" or "Orlon" (often combined with Du Pont nylon) makes possible these featherweight suits that wash easily . . . drip dry quickly with pants neatly pressed . . . *ready to wear*. They seldom need ironing. What's more, they keep their wash-and-wear advantages for life. "Dacron"® polyester fiber and "Orlon"® acrylic fiber help these suits stay neat *between* washings, too. Enjoy this built-in comfort, neatness and convenience in your new suits this summer.

®"DACRON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER. ®®"ORLON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS ACRYLIC FIBER. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS. DOES NOT MAKE THE FABRICS OR SUIT SHOWN HERE.



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You can *taste* the difference! Contains more aged base whiskies, blended with the finest grain neutral spirits, than any other nationally sold blended whiskey at its price.

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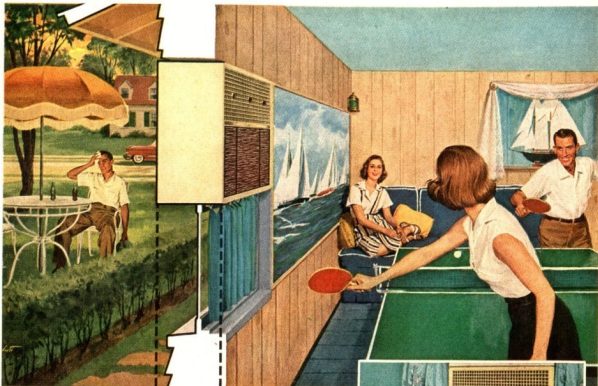
This is the *one* bourbon that met the exacting standards of the partners of Bellows & Company. You just cannot buy a better-tasting straight Kentucky bourbon at any price!

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BELLOWS & COMPANY—DIVISION OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y. • PARTNERS CHOICE, WHISKEY—A BLEND
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G-E Thinline is 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches "thin"...
no unsightly overhang!

Why swelter when you can switch from hot, humid misery to cool, cool comfort with a G-E Thinline Room Air Conditioner!

The amazing new Thinline gives you top performance, yet actually takes up one third less space than previous corresponding models.

Fits flush with inside walls, yet has no unsightly overhang outside. You get amazing cooling capacity and dehumidification—and High Power Factor Design assures economy of operation.

You have your choice of many different comfort conditions at a flick of the finger. Your days and nights can be comfortable all summer long! See your G-E dealer for a demonstration today.

General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky. Most models available in Canada.



With a G-E Room Air Conditioner you choose your own weather with the flick of a finger. Knobs on top grille control 3 air directors, send cool, twice-filtered air to all parts of your room. Jet Air Freshener freshens your room in seconds.



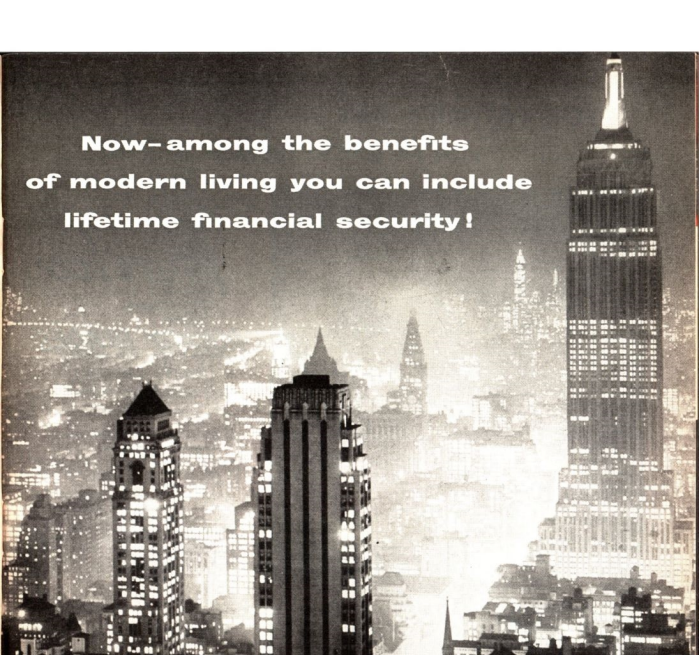
Fits anywhere—in upper or lower sash. Can be mounted flush with inside wall as shown, or all-outside to allow windows to be closed. All-inside installation is ideal for office use.



Look—fits casement windows, too. G-E Thinline can be installed in casements without altering or defacing the windows. Can even be installed through any outside wall.

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lifetime financial security!**

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protection of at least \$10,000 today
—can pay you a monthly income
at retirement—all at budget cost!**

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Cash values build fast. At the beginning of the third year a growing fund is available for emergencies. At retirement, these substantial cash values can pay you a monthly income *for the rest of your life.*

Can you think of any simpler, surer way to provide for tomorrow while you're getting the most out of life today?

\$10,000 MINIMUM FACE AMOUNT could serve as a solid foundation for family protection. Issued to age 70, Whole Life is usually available at higher rates to those who cannot qualify for insurance at standard rates due to health or occupation.

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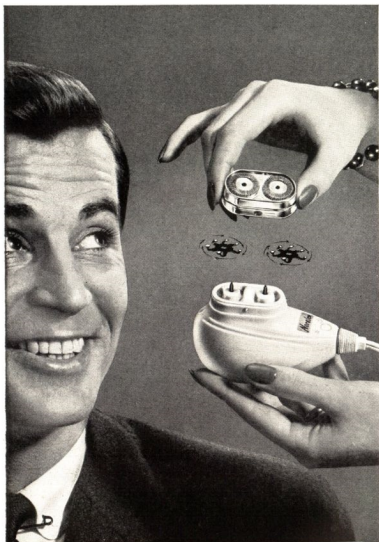
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the largest-selling electric shaver in the world—
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shave like this: as if
your whiskers grew
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Only NORELCO shaves like
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in 22 years!**

Read why this wonderful difference
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U. S. Royals come in 2 cover designs—the new exclusive Diamond cover marking and the popular dimple design. For the best all-around economy balls, try the U. S. Fairway or the U. S. Nobby.



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United States Rubber

Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

This is the story of an actual family insured by The Travelers; to safeguard its privacy, different names and pictures have been used.



"OUR MORTGAGED HOME IS BLESSED," says Bill Lacey. On his \$8,700-a-year income, he is able to take the monthly payments in his stride. And if Bill should die, his Travelers life insurance is designed to pay the mortgage off completely. Also on his program for achieving American Family Independence: additional life insurance and protection of both his home and car against liability, fire and theft. And Travelers insurance will help him safeguard family happiness by providing funds for college and retirement years.

In most respects, the Laceys are an average young family.

Jan and Bill are in their early thirties. They have a 16-month-old son named Ricky, a 6-room house, a 1954 two-door sedan. In brief, they have all the necessities of life and a fair share of its luxuries.

But when you drop in on them, you know here is a happy family. You notice a sense of contentment, a feeling of confidence.

It didn't just happen. Bill and Jan arranged it that way—with the help of their Travelers agent.

When they planned the Laceys' program for American Family Independence,

Bill's Travelers agent showed him how Mortgage Redemption insurance would pay off his mortgage in the event of his death. And, with other life insurance, the plan provides more protection for the family, including a cash reserve for emergencies.

Mindful of hazards to his home and car, Bill supplemented his program by protecting both against liability, fire and theft.

Soon, he intends to add insurance that will provide a college fund for Ricky and an income for Bill and Jan when he retires.

There is a Travelers agent or broker in your town, too, who is well qualified to counsel you. Why not call him—today?

How the Laceys use their money*

Food	\$1,200.00
Clothing	600.00
Shelter	1,860.00
Insurance	820.00
Savings	500.00
Automobile & Travel	340.00
Household & Contributions	1,050.00
Medical	340.00
Entertainment	1,360.00

*after taxes

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CAN SHOW YOU THE WAY
TO AMERICAN FAMILY INDEPENDENCE

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INSURANCE COMPANIES, HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

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The B-52—our \$9 million “Sunday punch”— and five of the men who keep it ready!

Above is a Boeing B-52 jet bomber, our big, fast, long-range war deterrent or weapon—200 tons and \$9 million worth of airplane capable of flying anywhere in the world. It is the “big stick” we are carrying while speaking softly. Its importance cannot be overestimated.

Below are (l. to r.) A/2c Joseph F. Zufall, Punxsutawney, Pa.; T/Sgt. Lawrence J. Stoerkel, Jr., Albuquerque, N. M.; crew chief, M/Sgt. Frank L. Corbi, Alliance, Ohio; M/Sgt. Gayford L. Ansley, Ridge-way, Ohio; A/1c Richard E. Johnson, Palmer, Mass.

They are Air Force airmen, specially trained enlisted personnel

skilled in jet-engine mechanics, electronics, radar, radio communications and other highly specialized fields.

They and other airmen are completely responsible for keeping this strategic aircraft in perfect working order. The Air Force has made them extremely valuable via an educational program perhaps none could have afforded in civilian life.

Bendix is glad for the opportunity to cite the importance of the B-52 because we make many of the intricate systems and components which go into it. We also believe parents of young men about to graduate from high school should give thought to

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LETTERS

Georgia Without George

Sir: You head your May 21 article "Georgia Loses" and admit that Senator George is a great statesman and Herman Talmadge is the overwhelming choice of the Georgia voters for Senator; with Statesman George as ambassador to NATO and ex-Governor Talmadge as Georgia's preferred Senator, it is hard to see how Georgia loses.

ROBERT S. DUGGAN JR.

Atlanta

Sir:

A Senator is a mirror of his respective state. That includes the future Senator from Georgia, Herman Talmadge. Why is it that Georgians prefer that hick wonder of calousness, ignorance and narrow-mindedness to a true American gentleman?

MARIA RAMSPOTT

Rehoboth, Mass.

Sir:

You refer to Camilla as the county seat of "the bottom of Georgia's backwoods." May I also point out that it is the peanut capital of the world, only 24 miles from Moultrie, the watermelon capital of the world, and only 28 miles from Thomasville, where President Eisenhower goes to shoot backwoods birds, who doubtless appreciate the honor bestowed on them?

ANN WALDRON

Lakeland, Fla.

The New Navy

Sir:

In a world ringed with crisis it is reassuring to read "The U.S. Navy in the Atomic Age" [May 21] and to be able to take off our hats respectfully to a great service—our Navy—ever mindful of proud tradition and accomplishment but never too steeped in the past to change with the times to best serve our nation.

RICHARD A. VELZ

Richmond, Va.

Sir:

No Navy man will question the praise given Arleigh Burke in your fine article; however, I think the statement that "Burke was a long time changing Almirante Mitscher's prejudice against surface sailors . . ." can justly be questioned. Pete Mitscher was not only a great air commander but a very rugged sailorman; before becoming a flyer, he had had experience in many types of

surface craft. There has always been close union between flyers and nonflyers in our Navy; here was one of the great differences between our naval air arm and the British. During World War II, when a British carrier visited San Francisco, a curious American officer asked the carrier's "Number One" (who was not a flyer) if the two branches understood each other's problems. Did they get along well? The British commander replied: "I hate the bloody crates, and I despise the bastards who fly 'em!"

HARVEY HAISLIP
Captain, U.S.N. (ret.)

Claremont, Calif.

Sir:

You should be taken to task for not giving out with the story prevalent in the Fleet concerning "31-Knot Burke." While commanding a division of destroyers, the admiral somehow got off course and ended up in a minefield. When asked by his immediate superior what in hell he was doing over in that minefield, he calmly replied: "31 knots." (VNC) C. O. MYERS, U.S.N.

c/o Postmaster, San Francisco

Sir:

Lieut. Gordon Gray Jr. no doubt appreciates the new speed record title you have bestowed upon him, but again he may not, for such a record is nonexistent. Gray holds the 500-kilometer closed circuit speed record and not the 50-kilometer speed record, which does not exist.

(JOC) H. C. VARNER, U.S.N.

Naval Aviation News
Washington, D.C.

Trouble with the Phillies

Sir:

Enjoyed your May 28 story on Robin Roberts; there's one pitcher that's worth a thousand words.

JEAN VENTURINI

Cincinnati

Sir:

When I saw how Henry Koerner had wrecked my favorite player, I nearly had convulsions. Please don't do it again.

JONATHAN SCOVILLE
West Hartford, Conn.

Sir:

All Philadelphians know of the low esteem in which they are held by the New York press—which pleases us no end. But you can't publish so-called portraits of our Robby on your

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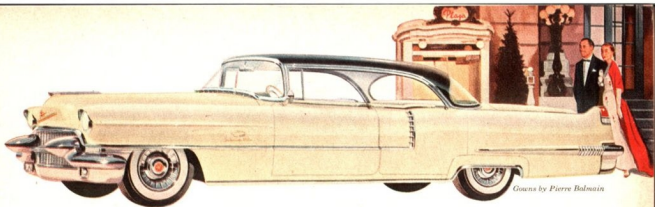
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TIME, JUNE 11, 1956



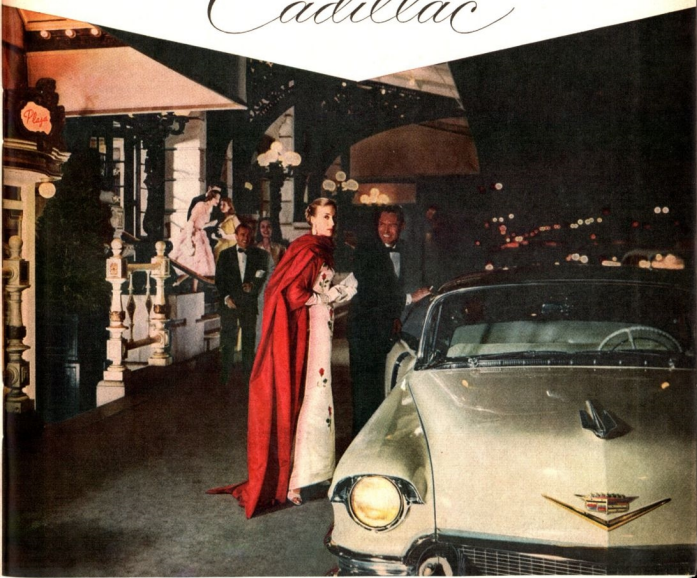
Designs by Pierre Balmain



There is a satisfaction in driving a Cadillac which even Cadillac owners find difficult to describe. It is more than the enjoyment of Cadillac's great comfort and handling ease . . . or the thrill of Cadillac's marvelous performance. It's the feeling of pride and well-being that the car inspires in a man . . . a wonderful awareness that he is in command of

the world's most admired and respected motor car. Why not visit your nearest Cadillac dealer soon—spend an hour at the wheel—and see for yourself? He will be waiting for you with some especially wonderful news about the ease and economy with which you can make driving a Cadillac a daily pleasure. CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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Step back into the 11th Century in Peru's mysterious Machu Picchu. Hidden for 350 years, its palaces are still intact



Hook a 15-lb. rainbow trout in Chile's lakes. In Buenos Aires, sink your teeth into tender, juicy steak, cost under \$1



Shop for silver in Peru, copper in Chile, alligator bags in "B.A." Dollars go a long, long way in countries Panagra flies to

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low-cost tours
—to fit your time,
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• New low fares and low living costs in the countries on Panagra's routes make a happy combination. A 28-day skycruise around South America from New York costs only \$923.40 for each of two traveling together.

Included in this tour are air fares, hotel rooms, guided sight-seeing trips in every city...and you visit every major

city on both coasts of South America, flying with Pan American and Panagra.

For a shorter vacation, 11-day holiday to Panama, Quito and Lima \$515.80 from Miami, \$586.22 from Chicago, \$615.20 from Los Angeles for each of two traveling together.

Call your Travel Agent or PAA, U. S. Sales Agent for Panagra.



You'll marvel at the Argentine-Chilean lake district. Uncrowded, hospitable, inexpensive—tourists call South America "the friendliest continent of them all"



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cover and say such nasty things about our Phillies and their fans without getting a few bricks in return.

EDYTHE KINGSLEY BEACH
Philadelphia

Sir:
I am delighted to have another Koerner-covered TIME. Besides admiring Koerner and Shahn, I think it enhances the American scene to have their art outside as well as inside your magazine. Then too, you make it possible to reverse the adage—and so to judge the book by its cover.

HAZEL OSBORN

Chicago

Behind Freud's Door

Sir:
After seeing my picture of Freud's historic analytic couch in TIME [April 23], I thought you might be interested in the story behind the series of pictures which I took of Freud and his apartment in Vienna in 1938. Shortly after the Anschluss in Austria I was approached by a good friend, Dr. August Aichhorn, a close collaborator of Freud's,



Edmund Engelman

Freud's Door (CONSULTATION: 3 to 4)

to make a photographic record of Freud's apartment in order to make it possible to establish a Freud museum as soon as the storm had passed. Heavy ransom was paid to the Nazis for Freud's safe-conduct out of Austria and for the removal of all his belongings, and no time could be lost in starting the assignment.

I decided to work early in the morning, taking into consideration Freud's daily routine. One day Freud changed his schedule and ran into me. He appeared alert and vivacious, much younger than his 82 years. I had to leave Austria in a hurry shortly thereafter, and I left the pictures and negatives with Dr. Aichhorn. After Aichhorn's death my negatives went to Miss Anna Freud, who kept them and handed them back to me in 1954 in London.

EDMUND ENGELMAN

Elmhurst, N.Y.

For Reader Engelman's picture of Freud's apartment door in Vienna, see cut.—Ed.

Final Returns

Sir:
Is there some sleight of hand in your report on the Indiana primary election results (May 21)? You say that Vanderburgh

County, "which has backed every presidential winner since 1896, gave Ike 15,129, the Keef 12,550." Yet I read in the papers that, in final returns in Vanderburgh County, 22,007 people chose Democratic ballots, and 17,752 chose Republican ballots.

WARREN PARKER

New York City

Vanderburgh County's (and Indiana's) choice for President was Dwight Eisenhower. A final canvass in Vanderburgh County, completed five days after TIME went to press, gave Ike 15,223 votes, Kefauver 12,572. The figure on "Democratic ballots" refers to the total votes cast in a congressional race involving local issues and seven candidates; many voters failed to indicate presidential choices.—Ed.

Storm over Cyprus

Sir:
Your May 21 article concerning the Cypriot-British dispute was magnificent. Karalis and Demetriou are heroes in the eyes of all freedom loving people of the world.

NICHOLAS HYDOS

Gelnhausen, Germany

Sir:

May one point out that the two executed Cypriots were criminals, not heroes? It is high time America tried to understand the other side of the picture instead of lending her support to murder and terrorism, which at other times she professes to abhor.

BERYL M. GOLDSMITH

Wembley, England

Sir:

The solution you present in the May 21 issue is a satisfactory one under the circumstances, which will preserve the Western unity as well as the interests of Great Britain and the rightful demands of the Cypriot people for self-determination. It would be wise for the American Government to support your recommendations.

(REV.) DEMETRIOS J. CONSTANTELOS
St. Demetrios Greek Orthodox Church
Perth Amboy, N.J.

The Evil Eye

Sir:

It is with extreme disappointment that I read the May 21 article on television reporters. We admit that in our field, just as in newspapering, we have reporters who are discourteous and who may sometimes ask ridiculous questions. These are not monopolies of either medium; happily, they are in the minority among both TV and newspaper reporters.

HAROLD BAKER

President

Radio-Television News Directors Association
Nashville

Sir:

Having worked in all three news media (newspapers, TV and radio), I'll admit there's a lot to what you say. However, your article was restricted to incidents in just two areas, Chicago and Los Angeles, and you place the blame on the TV reporters themselves. Many times the TV "reporter" is nothing more than an extra announcer. He's probably a good announcer, but, for some vague reason, many TV stations expect the same man that sells cars, furniture and diaper services to do a job he cares very little about. When experienced newsmen staff a TV newsroom, I don't think the questions will be "vapid."

DICK RICHMOND

WRIT

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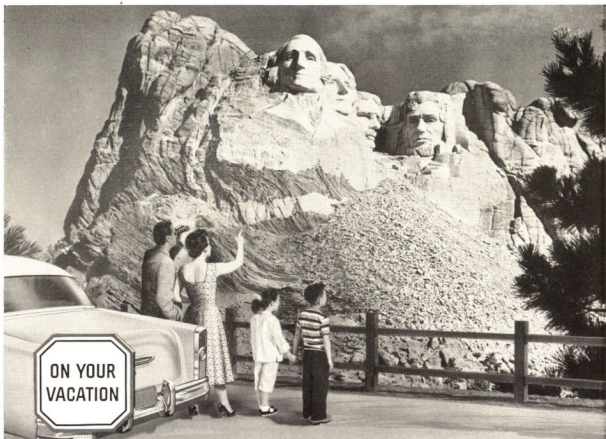
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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Dear TIME-Reader:

IN a woods near Saratoga Springs, Playwright Thornton Wilder sat composing a eulogy to the late Thomas Mann. As he wrote, a small balding man, quiet and sharp-eyed as a young deer, moved among the trees, observing and pausing to focus his Leica. The click of the shutter among the bird sounds and leaf rustles was inaudible. Later Wilder wrote in the photographer's memento book: "To Alfred Eisenstaedt—not only a master photographer but a presence so tactful and soothing that I found myself working—really working—and working extra well while he went about his task."

Playwright Wilder was one of 13 U.S. intellectuals photographed by Eisenstaedt for this week's cover story on Jacques Barzun and American intellectuals, written by Education Editor Bruce Barton Jr. In pursuit of intellectuals, "Eisie," who has been a LIFE photographer since the first experimental, pre-publication issues, traveled up and down the U.S. from

Philosopher Sidney Hook's Brooklyn rooftop to the Pacific rocks at La Jolla, where he perched Physicist George Gamow. It was the second time this year that we borrowed Eisie from LIFE. His gallery of distinguished businessmen appeared in the Man-of-the-Year issue (TIME, Jan. 2).

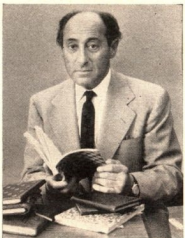
For a quarter of a century, Eisie, a German G.I. in World War I and post-war button-and-belt salesman in Berlin, has photographed the great and near-great of the world. "I love to take pictures of people," he says. "The important thing about photography is not clicking the shutter but clicking with the subject."

The inscriptions in his growing collection of memento books show that he has clicked very well with most of his subjects, who praise his skill and tact. But the last two intellectuals whom he photographed gave him a surprise. At the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, N.J., Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer (posing for Eisie for the sixth time) wrote in the memento book a quotation in Greek from Pindar's Third Pythian Ode: "Dear Soul, do not pursue with too much zeal immortal life, but first exhaust the practical mechanics of living." Next day, at Frank Lloyd Wright's Taliesin North in Wisconsin, the controversial architect took one look at Oppenheimer's inscription, snorted and wrote: "Take the science of life in your stride as the mechanics of the affair. Art and religion are the essences of being. Cultivate them—they are the payoff."

Last week, to illustrate this letter, Eisie tackled his most difficult subject—himself. "I'm afraid of the camera," he confessed. "I know how I should be photographed—low and slightly from the left, but when I took my own picture for you," he grinned sheepishly, "I just forgot to do that way."

Cordially yours,

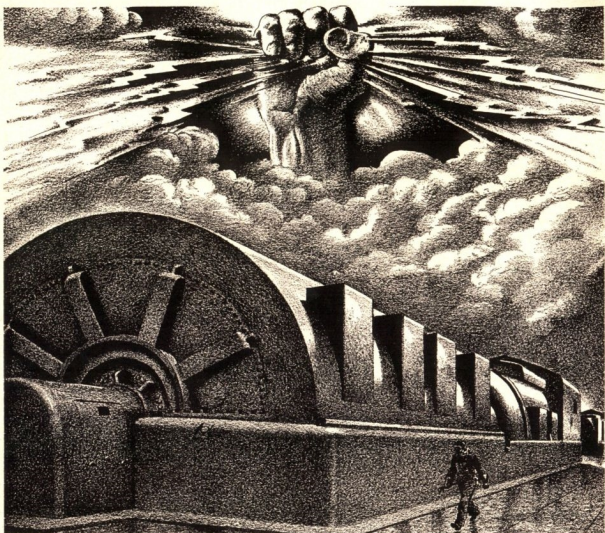
James A. Linen



EISIE BY EISIE

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Developing the New NATO

"The time has come to advance NATO from its initial phase into the totality of its meaning," said Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. "Let us exalt freedom by showing better what freedom can do."

Thus, a scant six weeks ago, the U.S. signaled a major new direction in foreign policy. By last week the State Department had set up a six-man staff that was hard at work translating Dulles' challenging words into some specific proposals. The U.S. aim is to gather the 15 NATO nations into a new regional association under the U.N. Charter, roughly similar to the Western Hemisphere's Organization of American States, equipped to deal with such common political problems as Cyprus and the Saar. The net effect will be to advance President Eisenhower's long-term concept of European unity. First step will be the drafting of a statement of common aims and purposes acceptable to all NATO members.

Already State's special NATO staff has drawn up position papers suggesting major changes in the West's diplomatic machinery. One suggested plan is to enlarge the Council of Europe (now largely a talking body) to include the U.S. and Canada. A possible alternate, now under study, is the creation of a permanent new NATO council of senior ministers. Under this plan, the present NATO military command would be reduced to the status of NATO's defense ministry.

The U.S. has some specific reservations about a political NATO, which it plans to take up with its allies later this month when Canada's External Affairs Minister Lester Pearson comes to Washington for talks with Dulles. For one thing, State does not want this new association with European powers to imply that the U.S. is endorsing colonialism. Nor does the U.S. intend to give up its freedom of action in non-NATO areas, e.g., Formosa Strait. Nonetheless, the drafted proposals are a challenge and an appeal to the nations of Western Europe to draw closer together, with U.S. support.

Best evidence that it is high time for the evolution of a new, broader NATO came last week when even NATO's General Alfred Maximilian Gruenther was unable to muster up much congressional or public enthusiasm for the most sensible of pleas for foreign aid, made on the basis of the old NATO program.

THE CONGRESS

The Case for Foreign Aid

Into the cavernous caucus room of the Senate Office Building last week marched NATO's General Alfred Gruenther, about to close out his distinguished Army career, on what he considered one of his most important missions: persuading the Senate Foreign Relations Committee not to vote cuts in the Administration's \$4.7 billion foreign-aid program. Washington was crowded with holiday tourists, plenty of advance publicity had been given General Gruenther's appearance, and he could be counted upon for an eloquent, meaningful performance. But when the hearing opened only a handful of spectators and five Senators were present.

With a huge map of Europe on his right and a rack of charts, e.g., of NATO air strength, on his left, Al Gruenther spoke without notes for 45 minutes, effortlessly rattling off the complex statistics of defense expenditures, populations and strength estimates, persuasively arguing that Soviet "smiles, happy talk and receptions" in no way justify a dilution of Western strength. Items:

¶ The dismemberment of NATO remains a top-priority aim of Soviet policy, and the new—and softer—Soviet line actually

means keener competition for NATO. Thus funds to NATO are "simply contributions to our own survival."

¶ The announced 1,200,000-man cut in Russian military personnel is nothing more than "a unilateral demobilization program behind closed doors," and will not substantially affect their military potential. If the manpower cut were carried out, it would reduce Russian land forces from 175 to 115 divisions—and NATO has already estimated that with nuclear firepower the Soviet "could be fully as effective with 100 divisions."

¶ NATO is by no means ready to sustain such a loss as contemplated by the proposed foreign-aid cuts (which International Cooperation Administrator John Hollister last week estimated would more than halve the allowance for NATO's military hardware over the next fiscal year). Gruenther said that the full West German contributions of twelve divisions and 1,380 aircraft will not be available for three more years. Not until then will NATO really be strong enough to defend West Europe against Russia.

The Senators were generally sympathetic, said privately that Gruenther had made the finest possible presentation of the Administration's case. But that, apparently, was not enough. Barring emer-



NATO'S GENERAL GRUENTHER TESTIFYING IN WASHINGTON
Smiles and happy talk do not ensure survival.

Associated Press

agency Administration action, the prospect was that the more than \$1 billion foreign-aid cut already voted by the House Foreign Affairs Committee (TIME, June 4) would probably stick when the House and Senate came to a final vote.

Last week the Senate also:

☐ Struggled through a hodgepodge of amendments to approve the 16-year, \$37 billion highway construction bill in substantially the same form already voted by the House (TIME, May 7).

☐ Shouted approval of a bill aimed at tightening the U.S. narcotics laws. Sponsored by Texas' Democratic Senator Price Daniel, the bill, as sent to the House, would ban all heroin in the U.S., require even hospitals and druggists to give up their supplies. More drastically, it would allow the courts to impose the death penalty on persons selling heroin to juveniles and on all heroin peddlers and heroin smugglers convicted for the third time.

☐ Received from its Judiciary Committee a bill that would, in effect, cancel out a recent Supreme Court decision. Last April the Supreme Court had ruled in the case of Communist Leader Steve Nelson, who had been convicted of sedition under Pennsylvania law, that the Federal Government had exclusive jurisdiction over sedition cases. Jointly sponsored by twelve Republican and three Democratic Senators, the new bill would restore the validity of the antisedition laws in 42 states.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Invitation Accepted

During a meeting of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Air Force Chief of Staff Nathan Twining excused himself, strode back to his desk in Room 4E929 in the Pentagon. He smoothed his jacket, laid aside his inevitable cigar, nodded to an aide. At the signal a door swung open and a Russian officer resplendent in a white uniform walked in and introduced himself: Colonel Philip Bachinsky, the Soviet air attaché in Washington. Bachinsky politely conveyed to Nate Twining the compliments of Marshal Vasily Sokolovsky, chief of staff of the Red army, and presented an invitation: Sokolovsky requested the pleasure of General Twining's company in Moscow June 24th for the flyover in honor of Soviet Aviation Day.

For more than a week the invitation, amply anticipated, had sputtered like a bomb fuse in Washington's top drawers. Last week the President weighed the obvious pluses and minuses and gave the answer: Airman Twining could go. Ike made it plain that the U.S. has no intention of reciprocating with an invitation to Bulganin and Khrushchev, no intention of lowering its guard. With these essential provisos, the President thought it both safe and desirable to send an observer of Nate Twining's caliber to Moscow to cock a practiced eye at the Red jets and, perhaps, to probe into the deceptive chinks of peace.

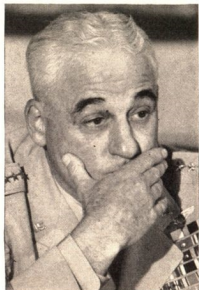
AGRICULTURE

Farm Bill at Work

Four months and 25 days and several million words after Congress convened with a farm bill as its main political goal, the U.S. had a new agricultural program. President Eisenhower, who vetoed the self-contradictory farm bill first passed by Congress (TIME, April 23), signed the new one last week—and within three days Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson began putting it into effect.

Ike had both praise and criticism for the new bill. The deciding factor in his mind was its soil-bank provision, which offers \$1,250,000,000 in payments to farmers who agree to take crop lands out of production and place the acreage under soil-building cover crops or trees. The soil

gress had refused to go along with the Administration's request for 1956 payments to farmers contracting to enter the soil-bank program in 1957. Benson's schedule of payments was generous: if based on the average yield over the last five years, it would offer \$22 for each acre of wheat withheld from production (estimated per acre market value before costs: \$36), \$35 per acre for corn (\$54), \$49 per acre for cotton (\$104) and \$57 per acre for rice (\$113). At those rates the farmer with especially promising crop prospects would probably stay out of the program this year, but the farmer afflicted by adverse conditions, e.g., drought, insect infestation, would be likely to plow under his crops. In that sense the Benson program was tooled to help the farmer who needed it most.



Edward Clark—LIFE
AIRMAN TWINING

The pluses and minuses equaled yes.

bank, said Ike, will "check current additions to our price-depressing, market-destroying surplus stocks of farm products. It is a concept rich with promise for improving our agricultural situation."

On the debit side, President Eisenhower was especially unhappy with the "unfortunate" requirement that about 5,000,000 bales of Government-held surplus cotton (for which the U.S. originally paid upwards of 32¢ a lb.) be dumped on the world market for, at most, 25¢ or 26¢ a lb. This provision forces the U.S. to "follow an inflexible program of cotton export sales with little regard to costs and without adequate regard to the far-reaching economic consequences at home and abroad." It must be administered, said he dryly, "with extreme caution."

After a conference with the President, Ezra Benson announced plans for making immediate soil-bank payments to farmers who withdraw land from crop production this year. Benson's move was specifically authorized by the new bill, although Con-

PRIMARIES

The Great Boz-Woz

In the political circles that the U.S. calls presidential primaries, there have been many spectacular performances through the recent years. But seldom before have two candidates made as great a leap as Adlai Stevenson and Estes Kefauver tried last week from Florida, where the program called upon them to be "conservative," to California, where the aim was to be "liberal."

Adlai Stevenson's float through the air pointed up the serious problems involved in negotiating such political acrobatics. His strongest support in Florida's primary came largely from the violently segregationist Third Congressional District in the northwest (Tallahassee). There, Stevenson's supporters, including veteran (eight terms) U.S. Representative Robert L. F. ("Daddy") Sikes, campaigned hard for their candidate as a man the South can trust on the race issue. The locals called in Mississippi's Political Strategist Sam Wilhite, who was a key manager in U.S. Senator James Oliver Eastland's campaign, to help Stevenson's cause; they gave wide circulation to a newspaper editorial that branded Kefauver as a "left-wing integrationist" and a "sycophant" for the Negro vote. As Florida's ex-Governor Millard Caldwell put it with some approval, they said Stevenson as a "more conservative person than Senator Kefauver."

Out of Daddy's Hands. In California Adlai Stevenson's supporters had to sell him as more liberal than Kefauver. Toward that end, they imported an entirely different breed of Democrat than the Floridians brought from Mississippi. From New York they summoned onetime (1944-50) U.S. Representative Helen Gahagan Douglas and Eleanor Roosevelt to testify as "character witnesses" for Stevenson's liberalism, particularly on the civil-rights issue. As any performer in the political circus knows, flying cross-country from the hands of Sam Wilhite and Daddy Sikes to the trapeze platforms of Helen Douglas and Eleanor Roosevelt is a catch act that calls for expert political kinking.

In the difficult process of trying to pull the poles of the Democratic Party together, Stevenson was clearly having more success than Kefauver. He won a wafer-thin victory in a somewhat bored Florida (a margin of 12,000 votes in a total vote of 430,000), but it gave him 22 of Florida's delegates to the Democratic National Convention and left only six for Kefauver. With that momentum, Stevenson landed in California shaken, but on his feet.

Into the Maneuvers. Estes, who had waved his way through many an empty street in Florida, kept on spinning in California. He wound up the primary season with a spiel of half-baked charges against Stevenson's position on the race issue, his record on old-age pension legislation and his activities as a lawyer for Radio Corp. of America. Retorted Stevenson: "He has apparently decided that if he cannot win, he will destroy."

This week, with the last of the Stevenson-Kefauver contests out of the way, the primary circus of 1956, with all of its box-woz, came to an end. Now the Democrats could get down to the serious political maneuvers that will produce a nominee for the presidency.

DEMOCRATS

Available Draftee

For 20 minutes the Jefferson City Junior College auditorium rocked and rolled last week as 1,600 shouting, foot-stomping delegates to the Missouri State Democratic Convention chanted over and over again: "We want Stu! We want Stu!" At the microphone, long-legged U.S. Senator William Stuart Symington, 54, his handsome features and square shoulders set off by a trim blue suit, beamed as he waited to acknowledge the nomination as Missouri's favorite son. "This is one of the



CANDIDATE KEFAUVER ON PARADE IN MIAMI
Through the air, with a kink and a spiel.

International

greatest honors that has ever come to me," said Symington into the waning din. "As long as I live, I shall always thank you from the bottom of my heart."

Thus, without risking a political bruise or carrying a precinct, Stu Symington moved into the forefront of the Democratic Party's field of presidential hopefuls. His timing could hardly have been better; Kefauver and Stevenson were slugging each other into exhaustion, however temporary, and political leaders in both North and South, pending the outcome in California, were quietly looking over dark horses. Said Illinois' National Committeeman Jake Arvey, a steadfast Stevenson man: "All around the country I heard that Symington is the front-runner among the dark horses. Of course Stevenson would have to be stopped first."

In unanimously pledging the state's 76 convention delegates (half a vote each) to support Symington for the nomination until released, Convention Chairman William E. Kemp and fellow-Democrats hoped that they were starting a boom that would end in Symington's nomination—possibly on the third ballot. They recalled that their man had won his senatorial nomination in 1952 over Harry Truman's opposition, and carried Missouri (by 150,351) while Dwight Eisenhower was winning the presidential vote (by 29,599). Some Symington enthusiasts wanted to ride right off to launch a national campaign 1) in the South, where Symington's border-state reputation as a moderate on segregation is attractive, and 2) in big labor states, where his record as a union-supporting businessman might win votes.

But Symington himself was more cautious, told friends he wanted no politics to get in the way of his current Senate investigation of the state of the U.S. armed forces—which is winning him the kind of solid headlines that make the Kefauver-Stevenson debate sound irrele-

vant and immaterial. What Symington wants, explained a friend, is to go to Chicago not as an out-and-out candidate, but as a potential draftee. Says Symington: "If I catch on, I catch on."

REPUBLICANS

Without Chotiner

With polite finality, the Republican National Committee last week dropped the name of California's Murray M. Chotiner from its roll of 1956 campaigners. A Beverly Hills attorney with a fine talent for astute political management, Chotiner has long been a power in West Coast politics, played key roles in the successful past campaigns of such prominent California Republicans as Vice President Richard Nixon, ex-Governor Earl Warren, Senate Minority Leader William Knowland. But a Senate subcommittee's investigation into the services he performed for an assortment of clients with U.S. Government problems brought him under heavy political fire (TIME, May 14). In answer to a newsman's query, G.O.P. National Chairman Leonard Hall said that the party has no plans to use Chotiner this year, windily explained that the "national committee is now staffed by experienced personnel sufficient to meet the campaign staff problems of both the presidential and vice-presidential nominees."

Carrying the Fire

About him billowed campaign accouterments: prouetting blondes swathed in red, white and blue; hosiery, haberdashery and lollipops inscribed "I like Ike"; memos about coffee hours for Eisenhower; recipes for beef-stew suppers for Eisenhower. Grinning as he entered the Hotel Statler's Congressional Room, where the National Citizens for Eisenhower executive campaign conference was encamped, the subject of this unquenchable admira-



David Cawthon

SENATOR SYMINGTON & CHAIRMAN KEMP
To the front, without a bruise.

tion was struck less by glitter and gewgaws than by the sudden impact of an anniversary.

Said Dwight Eisenhower: "I am more and more impressed as time goes on. Some people acquire wealth, some acquire experience and I suppose some even acquire wisdom. For me, I acquire anniversaries. Almost exactly four years ago to the minute, I left Orly Field to come home. I came home in response—very largely the response—to a call from you people—your forerunners in this same movement, your associates all over the United States."

High Prestige. Scanning his Administration's efforts, Ike found them fruitful. War in Korea and Communist engulfment of Viet Nam had been halted. Trieste was eliminated "as a sore spot." In Iran "at least the beginning" of a settlement

appear." Another challenge was complacency: "It has no place in my vocabulary." To a partisan audience he made a practical appeal for help in getting a Republican Congress elected: "I think it is only logical that the people you give to me as my closest associates . . . be bound to me by terms of party loyalty as well as official and personal loyalty."

Grim Warning. In a personal prognosis ending the 16-minute appearance, Ike remarked, "As you know, I was ill last fall. I can only say this; now the only way I know is because the doctors keep reminding me of it." Having countered another Democratic dig, chipper Candidate Eisenhower acknowledged an ovation of handclaps, shouts and ear-tingling whistles and strode out.

Behind him at week's end followed Vice President Nixon with a plea and

POLITICAL NOTES

Shaky Premise, Fervent Prayer

Most Democrats pin their hopes for a presidential victory in November on a premise and a prayer. The premise: labor, hard core of party strength for two decades, will hold firm. The prayer: enough farmers, upset over falling income, will switch to the Democratic candidate to ensure him the White House.

Last week Opinion Pollster George Gallup released soundings on the two assumptions. From coast to coast, union members and farmers were asked to express presidential preference in a trial heat between Stevenson and Eisenhower. For Democrats the labor response was chilling. Between the 1936 and 1948 elections, less than 30% of union members went Republican. In 1952 Eisenhower got 39%. Last week's survey, apparently reflecting a feeling of rank-and-file well-being, gave Ike a clear majority—36%.

But the Democrats could still pray. The farm vote for Eisenhower, overwhelming (67%) in 1952, has dropped appreciably—to 61%. Said Soothsayer Gallup of the trends: "While Republicans will cheer [the President's] impressive labor gains, Democrats can take heart from the fact that the farm vote shows signs of moving away from the Republicans."

Who Loves Happy Now?

"Everybody," bawled A. B. Chandler with cheerful immodesty while stumping across Kentucky last fall, "loves ol' Happy." When Kentuckians responded by electing him governor, it looked as though ol' Happy had things sized up about right. Last week the honeymoon ended. Unloving Kentucky Democrats unmercifully dropped Happy's hand-picked candidate for the Democratic senatorial nomination, ex-Representative Joseph B. Bates, 62. Winner by a resounding plurality of 81,000: Senator Earle C. Clements, the incumbent whose political career Chandler had promised to end.

Earle Clements' disruption of Happy's love affair with the people was predictable. In six short months as governor, Chandler had succeeded in treading on sensitive Kentucky toes from the Ohio River to the Big Sandy. Quickly forgetting his campaign economy promises, Happy wheeled \$39 million in new taxes out of the legislature, extended state income taxes to take in wage earners making as little as \$14 a week, and, perhaps most injudiciously, boosted the state levy on whisky. Rumbled one Kentucky politician: "Not many people would walk out in the yard to vote for anybody, but they'd swim the Ohio to vote against somebody. This time, they came out to get Happy."

But the getting was not a matter of protest vote alone. For in Clements, as ineffective a stump speaker as oratory-loving Kentucky ever produced, Chandler was up against one of the shrewdest organizers in all U.S. politics. Clements, said one Kentuckian, has "made a career out



United Press

EISENHOWER & FELLOW CITIZEN FOR EISENHOWER®
Almost four years ago to the minute, a flight from Orly Field.

had been achieved. Moreover, "we have not been drawn into the position of being so completely on one side of a quarrel . . . that we are incapable of carrying out our proper role of mediator, conciliator and friend of both sides . . ." In a voice pitched for Democratic ears, the President said: "Certainly the prestige of the U.S. since the last world war has never been as high as it is this day."

Still, warned Ike: "The goals we have set for ourselves have not been reached. But progress has been made . . . we know that these goals are not achieved all at once. Mankind moves forward by little steps . . . if we never lose sight of that goal and every step takes us one inch closer to it, then that is progress. We are carrying a torch. We are carrying a fire. We are not carrying ashes."

Scanning the future, the President saw challenges. Foremost will be "the Communist threat." Warned Ike: we must meet it "in every conceivable way it can

White House Press Secretary Jim Hagerty with a forecast to the Citizens for Eisenhower. Warned Nixon grimly: "If we do not have a big vote we run a risk that a minority will decide who shall be President and who shall control the Senate and the House." Predicted Hagerty in a rare appearance as speechmaker: stripped of issues, desperate Democrats are plotting a rough and dirty campaign.

Acting on his own proposal in a speech at Baylor University one week earlier (TIME, June 4), President Eisenhower last week called a White House conference for June 12 "to explore the possibilities of a program for better people-to-people contacts and partnerships throughout the world," invited to it representatives of the arts, communications, labor, industry, sports and of farm, fraternal, religious, education and women's groups.

* Co-Chairman Mrs. Dorothy Houghton.

of reaching around incumbent organizations and making his own wheels do the better turning." As majority leader of the state senate in 1944, he organized legislators and other politicians in the Second Congressional District so effectively that when he announced for the House, the incumbent simply retired. As a Congressman, Clements laid the groundwork for his successful campaign for governor, then used his time in the governor's mansion to set up the campaign that put him in the Senate in 1950.

The Democratic State Central Committee, firmly under Clements' control even before last week's voting, is expected to name a Clements man as his running mate in Kentucky's other 1956 senatorial contest—for the unexpired term of the late Alben Barkley. About the only consolation left Happy Chandler was that under state law, he can appoint someone to serve in the Barkley post until the November general election.

Republican hopes for electing two Senators from traditionally Democratic Kentucky shone brightly during the time G.O.P. leaders thought they could coax popular ex-Senator John Sherman Cooper, now Ambassador to India, back into partisan politics to run for Barkley's seat. But they dimmed when Cooper, in Massachusetts General Hospital at Boston for minor throat surgery, decided against running last week because his job in India "is only partly accomplished." Cooper's decision not only forced the Republicans to dig up another candidate; it weakened the G.O.P. ticket and hence the chances of Earle Clements' November opponent, able Thruston B. Morton, 48, who resigned as Assistant Secretary of State to make the senatorial race. Morton, a three-term Congressman before entering the Eisenhower Administration, easily won the G.O.P. senatorial nomination.

Revenge in Maryland

Although Maryland's Millard E. Tydings, making a comeback try for his old Senate seat (24 years, 1926-50), defeated George P. Mahoney by a narrow 6,000 votes in the state's tightest senatorial primary (TIME, May 21), Mahoney won more state convention delegates. Last week, when convention time came in Baltimore, the Mahoneyites with relish and in grim retribution slashed Tydings' backers to ribbons.

Bloddiest victim of the purge was Baltimore's Mayor Tommy D'Alesandro, who as national committeeman wielded the most power in a power-weak, faction-racked state organization. As the king-maker who nudged Tydings into the race with Mahoney, D'Alesandro was booted out as committeeman, spanked again by being ignored when Baltimore delegates to the national convention were selected.

Curiously, the debacle may benefit Tydings when he battles Old Foe John Marshall Butler, the Republican who defeated him, with Joe McCarthy's help, in 1950. To anchor power and brighten prestige,

the dominant Mahoney Democrats must help Tydings. Aware of this, Mahoney at convention's end poured balm on Democratic wounds with a close-ranks-until-November order of the day.

MINNESOTA

The Farmer's Friends

For Vernon Richter, the joy of farming had vanished; life on a 400-acre rented farm near Fergus Falls, Minn., had become a grim effort to survive. Through the freezing winter Richter, 31, cared for his six small children so that his wife could clerk in a Fergus Falls clothing store. When spring came he went into his fields at 4 a.m., stayed until midnight fighting the soil for a fuller yield. But the bills piled up.

Richter, never in trouble before, decided in his desperation to rob a bank. He stole a set of license tags, bought a shotgun and sawed it off, drove 70 miles to Ulen, Minn., a town he had never seen. In raincoat and hat bought as a disguise, he tramped into the tiny Northwestern State Bank twice to case it, nervously returned a third time with the shotgun. He ordered Assistant Cashier Paul Ormbeck to stuff money into a paper sack, dashed out with \$1,158, after trussing up Ormbeck and a teller with sash cord and gagging them with dirty rags. Richter returned to the farm, paid up \$400 worth of bills, tucked away the remaining loot between the walls of a grain bin. Two days later he went to a neighbor's farm to help shear sheep, returned to find police waiting. Said he sadly: "Bank robbing just isn't my line."

Last week, out on bail awaiting trial, and in seclusion on the farm, Vernon Richter cocked his ear at the sound of tractors, looked out to find 30 men with 20 tractors arriving from nearby farms. While his neighbors helped him plow 100

acres and seed them with corn and soybeans, 15 women spread a potluck lunch, had a friendly good time. The plowing done, Richter tried to thank his departing neighbors, but broke down. Said Farmer Harold Hearstad: "He's a nice fellow and a good worker. He just worked too hard."

THE ADMINISTRATION

Interior Redecorated

As a conference on federal public-works activities came to an end in the President's office, Dwight Eisenhower asked Fred Seaton to stay for a while. Presidential Aide Seaton had been rounding up names of potential nominees for Secretary of the Interior, and now the President had made up his mind. His choice was a man who had never been mentioned in public speculation about the job. The name: Fred Seaton. Said Seaton last week, after the appointment was announced: "The White House roof fell in on me."

The appointment of Political Diplomat Seaton (see box) to the politically hot Interior post was as shrewd as it was surprising. Ever since 1953, some Democratic politicians have been shouting against the "giveaway" policies of the Eisenhower Administration's Department of the Interior, chiefly because the department has emphasized private and local, rather than federal development of natural resources. After Secretary Douglas McKay resigned in mid-April to run against Oregon's Democratic Senator Wayne Morse, it was clear that some U.S. Senate Democrats, e.g., Oregon's Richard Neuberger, would fight confirmation of McKay's Under Secretary, Clarence Davis, if the President nominated him. Last week Neuberger happily called the Seaton appointment a "repudiation" of McKay's policies; Morse expressed his "enthusiastic endorsement."

But the foes of Douglas McKay are due for a disappointment if they really



FARMER RICHTER (LEFT) & HELPFUL NEIGHBORS
"Bank robbing just isn't my line."

Associated Press

expect any basic change in Interior Department policy. Appointee Seaton announced: "I certainly expect to carry out the Eisenhower-McKay power policy." He asked Davis, a fellow Nebraskan of somewhat more conservative leanings, to stay on as Under Secretary. Although Davis had been a leading candidate for the secretaryship (with 14 Western G.O.P. Senators and a solid phalanx of top Nebraska Republicans behind him), he agreed to stay on and his supporters accepted the situation without public protest.

ARMED FORCES

Sweet & Sour Notes

At Annapolis, four-star Admiral Arthur Radford, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, last week exhorted graduating midshipmen to avoid making "a fetish of tradition" and to remember always that the Navy, Army and Air Force "must think as a team, work as a team, and, when necessary, fight as a team." At Arlington National Cemetery on Memorial Day, Army Secretary Wilbur Brucker over-

flowed with tributes to the "magnificent Navy" and the "great Air Force with intrepid pilots." Other resonant military voices joined Brucker and Radford in three-part harmony—but they failed to drown out the dissonant undertones of continuing interservice clashes over roles and missions in the age of the missile and the atom (TIME, June 4). Among last week's sour notes:

¶ In Detroit, only two days before his Arlington speech, the Army's Brucker asserted the Army's right (bitterly disputed by the Air Force) to the long-range ballistic missile, goaded the Air Force by claiming that the Army's weapons are superior because they "are not limited in their effectiveness by fog, rain, snow or any other adverse condition."

¶ In Akron, Assistant Navy Secretary James H. Smith Jr., on the eve of an abrupt retirement to private life,⁹ refrained from specific criticism of the other services, nonetheless ruffled Air Force feathers by assigning to the Navy a far more important strategic-bombing role than the Air Force is willing to admit.

¶ In Palo Alto, Calif., Brigadier General Carl Hutton, boss of the Army's fledgling aviation service, argued that the Army must have its own greatly strengthened air arm, sneered at the idea that the Air Force has any "divine right to a monopoly on flying machines just because they fly," derided the theory that "everything that walks belongs to the Army, that swims belongs to the Navy and that flies belongs to the Air Force."

¶ *Army*, an unofficial magazine that reflects high Army thinking, devoted its June issue to blasting the Air Force, suggested that the Air Force must "face up to technological obsolescence," described "conventional" Army forces as the "only reliable instrument for stopping aggression and upholding our national interests."

The continued interservice sniping made it clearer than ever that events are driving toward a unified military establishment. In that view, President Eisenhower is strongly supported by the Air Force, which has long embraced unification as part of its basic doctrine. Air Force Vice Chief of Staff Thomas White was reflecting established Air Force thinking when he said in San Francisco last week: "I believe that our military services will move toward more complete unification. We need a military organization that will help us all to be free of conflicting service loyalties and confusing influences."

But the war in the Pentagon was also pushing other services along the path to unification, and even *Army* pointed to "the promise in this revolution by ballistic missile of greater unification and less triplication and quadruplication." Said *Army*: "This certainly the nation would welcome."

⁹ Smith gave personal reasons, e.g., settling his mother's estate, for resigning. President Eisenhower named as Smith's successor Chicago-born Accountant Garrison Norton, 56, enroute (1947-49) Assistant Secretary of State, who has been serving as a consultant to Air Secretary Donald Quarles.

NEW FACE in the CABINET

Appointed last week by President Eisenhower as Secretary of the Interior: Frederick Andrew Seaton, 46, newspaper publisher, of Hastings, Neb.



Family & Early Years: Born Dec. 11, 1909 in Washington, D.C., where his father, Fay N. Seaton, was secretary to Kansas' Senator Joseph L. Bristow (who in 1910 appointed Dwight Eisenhower of Abilene to West Point). Went home to Kansas with his parents in 1915, when his father bought the daily *Manhattan Mercury*. Worked his way at Kansas State College in Manhattan, where he compiled a respectable scholastic average, but failed to graduate because he rebelled against the science-heavy required curriculum. Undisputed highlight of his college career: a scene in a student production of *Chip the Miner's Daughter*, where, as the hero, he shouted: "What ho! The villain steals the gold!" then was slugged by the villain with a bag filled with nuts, bolts and nails. Surgeons had to repair his fractured skull by installing a metal plate above his right eye. Met and married, in 1931, a fellow journalism student, Gladys Hope Dowd. They have four adopted children, including two World War II war orphans (one French, one German).

Political Career: At 18, in 1928, he headed the Kansas State College Republican organization for Herbert Hoover, rose through the Young Republican organization to become state chairman, later campaign secretary for Kansas' Republican Presidential Nominee Alf Landon. Moved from Kansas to Nebraska in 1937 to take over the *Hastings Tribune* (and subsequently to control, with his brother Richard, seven other dailies and two weeklies in Nebraska, Kansas, South Dakota and Wyoming and the semimonthly *Western Farm Life* magazine in Denver, plus three radio stations in Nebraska and Kansas). Elected to Ne-

braska's Unicameral Legislature for two terms (1945-49), managed Harold Stassen's successful Nebraska primary campaign in 1948. Appointed to the U.S. Senate in December 1951 to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Republican Floor Leader Kenneth Wherry of Nebraska.

Through fellow Nebraskan General Alfred Gruenther, Seaton met Dwight Eisenhower in France in 1952, later became a key strategist on Ike's campaign team. In September 1953 the President called Seaton to Washington to straighten out Defense Secretary Charles Wilson's troubles with Congress and the press. As Assistant Secretary of Defense for legislative and public affairs, he played an effective behind-the-scenes role in the Army's 1954 wrestle with Joe McCarthy. Last year he was drafted into the White House as a key presidential assistant, became a troubleshooter and adviser, not only on politics but also on policy, e.g., the farm bill veto (which he recommended).

Personality & Prospects: Razor-sharp, affable, cool, sensible, he has been popular in the Pentagon, at the White House, with both Republicans and Democrats on Capitol Hill, and with the press corps, which has found him straightforward and helpful. Long in the ranks of progressive Republicans, he has been considered somewhat too "liberal" by some of the Taft-wing leaders of the G.O.P. in Nebraska and in Washington. But most knowing observers who have watched him operate agree with the evaluation of G.O.P. National Chairman Leonard Hall that he is "a damn smart politician," and perhaps the most politically promising member of the Cabinet.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE KREMLIN

The Rubber Hammer

We remain prisoners of habits and patterns formed in the past [which] now hinder the deployment of new, wider and more active forms of struggle . . . We must put a stop to this . . . The Leninist combination of adherence to principle and elasticity in the pursuance of the foreign-policy line is the factor which ensures the success of our party in the solution of international tasks.

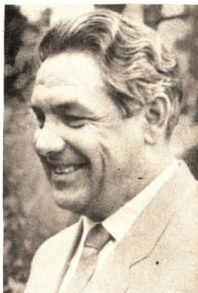
The author of this pertinent criticism of past Soviet foreign policy at the 20th Congress of the Communist Party in Moscow last February was Soviet Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov himself. Last week Molotov was the victim of the method he advocated. Eight years ago he had signed the letters which summarily expelled Marshal Tito's Yugoslavia from the fraternity of Communist countries. "Elasticity" in the current foreign-policy line, now vociferously welcoming Tito back in Moscow, demanded that Molotov get out of his job of Foreign Minister.

Molotov's departure had been long foreseen; the surprise was in the timing. In a gesture worthy of Herod, Molotov's head was served on a platter as a welcome to Tito.

Molotov had long ago read the future. "Gentlemen, we are getting older," he told a group of diplomats at Vienna last year. "Don't you think it's time we gave way to younger men?" The man who stepped into the job of Soviet Foreign Minister was Dmitry Shepilov (see box), 16 years younger than Molotov, a newcomer to top party ranks.

Friend Koba. Even if bitter-remembered Tito had not made plain his dislike of Molotov, it was time for Old Stone Bottom to go. It was 50 years since he joined the Bolshevik party (as a boy of 16), and though he might now see the need for new methods, his name was too closely associated with that of Stalin to be the one to make them. His parents had been respectable people from the Volga region named Scriabin, related to the composer. Young Vyacheslav Mikhailovich ingratiated himself with the Bolsheviks by persuading a wealthy young bourgeois friend to finance a clandestine newspaper called *Pravda*. To this, and the fact that one of the first editors of *Pravda* was a young Georgian bandit named Djughashvili, alias Koba, alias Stalin, he owed his future. His own underground alias was derived from *molot*, meaning hammer. But though he was as methodical and repetitive as a foundry trip hammer, the stuff of his soul was not steel, but the durable latex of a heavy-handed rubber stamp. "The best filing clerk in Russia," Lenin had said. "You are mediocrity incarnate," shouted Trotsky.

He made the Central Committee at 31, and the Politburo five years later, but the



Clifton Daniel—*The New York Times*
FOREIGN MINISTER SHEPILOV
Time for Old Stone Bottom to go.

world knew little of him until 1939, when he succeeded Maxim Litvinov as Foreign Minister. Joking with General Charles de Gaulle years later, Stalin said: "You got the better of Molotov. I think we'll have to shoot him." De Gaulle records that Molotov turned green. By containing his moments of terror and allowing himself to be Stalin's whipping boy, Molotov not only lived, but achieved fame. Stalin named factories, cities, ports after him. And in Western dictionaries he will doubtless be remembered for the "Molotov cocktail," the cheap Soviet gasoline bomb.

The Imperturbable. At the San Francisco, Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam conferences, Molotov's cold negotiating skill won the grudging applause of his adversaries. Wrote Sir Winston Churchill: "A man of outstanding ability and cold-blooded ruthlessness . . . His cannonball head, black moustache and his slab face, his verbal adroitness and imperturbable demeanour were appropriate manifestations of his qualities and skill. He was above all men fitted to be the agent and instrument of . . . an incalculable machine . . ." Said U.S. Secretary of State Dulles: "I have never seen such personal diplomatic skill at so high a degree of perfection as Mr. Molotov's."

Yet for all these tributes, Molotov seems to have resisted and to have underestimated the possibilities of the new-style Soviet diplomacy. He was out of place at Geneva, 1955, and he was left at home when B. & K. went to Belgrade, India and Britain. His style did not suit the new elasticity, which prefers a benevolent mask. But Molotov still remains First Deputy Premier, and he jovially turned up at social functions at week's end to prove that it is now possible to be demoted and live. It was a demonstration that he was only too happy to make.

Dear Comrade

One breezy afternoon last week, a green-and-cream diesel train rolled into Moscow's cavernous Kiev station with a man described in the official press, only a few years back, as "traitor, Judas, fascist, saboteur, imperialist agent, renegade," and a hundred other names in the extensive vocabulary of Communist invective. Wearing a powder-blue military blouse loaded with gold braid and ribbons, and



Soviets

TITO, VOROSHILOV & KHRUSHCHEV IN MOSCOW
Cheers for a traitorous, fascist saboteur.

KHRUSHCHEV'S DENUNCIATION OF STALIN

Excerpts from the Historic Secret Speech

The most sensational event in recent Communist history was Nikita Khrushchev's three-hour secret address to the 20th Congress of the party in February. Ever since, Western intelligence agents have been trying by every means to get a copy of the text. The U.S. State Department at last succeeded.

The text confirms the general outline leaked at the time, describing how—passionately and sometimes weeping—Khrushchev tore aside the curtain of Communist propaganda that has veiled the late Joseph Stalin's long reign of terror (TIME, March 26 et seq.). It also adds many fascinating details:

LENIN'S WARNING TO STALIN

KHRUSHCHEV began his denunciation of Stalin by revealing two suppressed letters. One was written by Lenin's wife, Nadezhda Krupskaya, to Lev Kamenev, chief of the Politburo: "I beg of you to protect me from rude interference with my private life and from vile invectives and threats [by Stalin]." Lenin wrote direct to Stalin: "You permitted yourself a rude summons of my wife to the telephone and a rude reprimand of her . . . I have no intention to forget so easily that which is being done against me . . . I ask you therefore that you weigh carefully whether you are agreeable to retracting your words and apologizing or whether you prefer the severance of relations between us." (Says the transcript at this point: *Commotion in the hall.*)

Khrushchev went on: "Since Stalin could behave in this manner during Lenin's life . . . we can easily imagine how Stalin treated other people. These negative characteristics of his developed steadily and during the last years acquired an absolutely insufferable character."

ENEMIES OF THE PEOPLE

"Stalin originated the concept 'enemy of the people.' This term automatically rendered it unnecessary that the ideological errors of a man or men engaged in a controversy be proved; this term made possible the usage of the most cruel repression, violating all norms of revolutionary legality, against anyone who in any way disagreed with Stalin, against those who were only suspected of hostile intent, against those who had bad reputations. This concept, 'enemy of the people,' actually eliminated the possibility of any kind of ideological fight or the making of one's views known on this or that issue, even those of a practical character. The formula 'enemy of the people' was specifically introduced for the purpose of physically annihilating [those] who opposed the party line."

BERIA'S FUNCTION

"When Stalin said that one or another should be arrested, it was necessary to accept on faith that he was an 'enemy of the people.' Meanwhile, Beria's gang, which ran the organs of state security, outdid itself in proving the guilt of the arrested and the truth of materials which it falsified. And what proofs were offered? The confessions of the arrested, and the investigative judges accepted these 'confessions.' And how is it possible that a person confesses to crimes which he has not committed? Only in one way—because of the application of physical methods of pressuring him, tortures, bringing him to a state of unconsciousness, deprivation of his judgment, taking away of his human dignity. In this manner 'confessions' were acquired."

THE STATISTICS OF TERROR

Khrushchev said that a party commission had made a study of the 1937-38 purge of the Central Committee: "It was determined that of the 139 members and candidates of the party's Central Committee who were elected at the 17th

Congress, 98 persons (i.e., 70%) were arrested and shot [indignation in the hall]. The same fate met . . . the majority of the delegates to the 17th Party Congress. Of the 1,966 delegates with voting or advisory rights, 1,108 persons were arrested . . ."

THE FAKED TRIALS

As an example of how Stalin's interrogators faked the evidence in the great conspiracy trials of 1937, Khrushchev recited the case of Party Member Rosenblum: "When Rosenblum was arrested, he was subjected to terrible torture during which he was ordered to confess false information concerning himself and other persons. He was then brought to the office of Zakovsky [chief interrogator], who offered him freedom on condition that he make before the court a false confession fabricated in 1937 by the NKVD concerning sabotage, espionage and diversion in a terrorist center in Leningrad. With unbelievable cynicism Zakovsky told about the vile mechanism for the crafty creation of fabricated 'anti-Soviet plots.' . . . 'You yourself [he told Rosenblum] will not need to invent anything. The NKVD will prepare for you a ready outline for every branch of the center; you will have to study it carefully and to remember all questions and answers which the court might ask . . . Your future will depend on how the trial goes and on its results. If you begin to lie and testify falsely, blame yourself. If you manage to endure it, you will save your head, and we will feed and clothe you at the government's cost until your death.'"

DAYS OF SUSPICION

"Stalin was a very distrustful man, sickly suspicious; we knew this from our work with him. He could look at a man and say: 'Why are your eyes so shifty today?' Or, 'why are you turning so much today and avoiding looking at me directly in the eyes?' The sickly suspicion created in him a general distrust even toward eminent party workers whom he had known for years. Everywhere and in everything he saw 'enemies,' 'two-facers' and 'spies.'"

THE RED ARMY PURGE

"Stalin's annihilation of many military commanders . . . beginning literally at the company and battalion commander level and extending to the higher military centers [brought] grievous consequences . . . Large scale repression undermined military discipline because for several years officers of all ranks and even soldiers in the party and *Komsomol* cells were taught to 'unmask' their superiors as hidden enemies . . . During this time the cadre of leaders who had gained military experience in Spain and in the Far East was almost completely wiped out . . ."

JEALOUSY OF ZHUKOV

"After the war Stalin began to tell all kinds of nonsense about Zhukov, among other things the following: 'You praised Zhukov, but he does not deserve it. It is said that before each operation at the front Zhukov used to behave as follows: he would take a handful of earth, smell it and say, 'We can

begin the attack" or the opposite. "The planned operation cannot be carried out." . . . It is possible that Stalin himself invented these things for the purpose of minimizing the role and military talents of Marshal Zhukov."

WARTIME DEPORTATIONS

"Monstrous are the acts whose initiator was Stalin . . . the mass deportations from their native places of whole nations, together with all Communists and *Komsomols* without any exception; this deportation action was not dictated by any military considerations. At the end of 1943 a decision was taken and executed to deport all the Karachai from the lands on which they lived. In the same period, the same lot befell the whole population of the Autonomous Kalmyk Republic. In March 1944 all the Chechen and Ingush peoples were deported and the Chechen-Ingush Autonomous Republic was liquidated. In April 1944 all Balkars were deported to faraway places. The Ukrainians avoided meeting this fate only because there were too many of them and there was no place to which to deport them."

THE LATER STALIN

"After the war Stalin became even more capricious, irritable and brutal; in particular, his suspicion grew. His persecution mania reached unbelievable dimensions . . . This unbelievable suspicion was cleverly taken advantage of by the abject provocateur and vile enemy Beria, who had murdered thousands of Communists and loyal Soviet people . . . The question arises . . . Why did we not do something earlier, during Stalin's life, in order to prevent the loss of innocent lives? It was because Stalin personally supervised [the purges], and the majority of the Politburo members did not at the time know all of the circumstances . . . and could not therefore intervene."

STALIN THE IGNORANT

"All those who interested themselves even a little in the national situation saw the difficult situation in agriculture, but Stalin never even noted it. Did we tell Stalin about this? Yes, we told him, but he did not support us. Why? Because Stalin never traveled anywhere. He knew the country and agriculture only from films. Many films so pictured kolkhoz [collective] life that the tables were bending from the weight of turkeys and geese. Evidently Stalin thought that it was actually so. The last time he visited a village was in January 1928. How then could he have known the situation in the provinces?"

LITTLE FINGER & TITO

"I recall the first days when the conflict between the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia began artificially to be blown up . . . I was invited to visit Stalin who, pointing to the copy of a letter lately sent to Tito, asked me, 'Have you read this?' Not waiting for my reply, he answered, 'I will shake my little finger—and there will be no more Tito. He will fall.'"

THE DOCTORS' PLOT

"Let us also recall the affair of the doctor-plotters. Actually there was no affair outside the declaration of the woman doctor Timashuk, who was probably influenced or ordered by someone—after all, she was an unofficial collaborator of the organs of state security—to write Stalin a letter in which she declared that doctors were applying supposedly improper methods of medical treatment. Such a letter was sufficient for Stalin to reach an immediate conclusion that there are doctor-plotters in the Soviet Union. He issued orders to arrest a group of eminent Soviet medical specialists. He personally issued advice on the conduct of the investigation. He said that the academician Vinogradov should be put in chains; another one should be beaten. Present at this Congress as a delegate is the former Minister of State Security Ignatiev. Stalin told him curtly, 'If you do not obtain confessions from the doctors, we will shorten you by a head.' Stalin personally called the in-

vestigative judge, gave him instructions, advised him on which investigative methods should be used; these methods were simple—beat, beat, and again beat. Shortly after the doctors were arrested, we members of the Politburo received protocols with the doctors' confessions of guilt. After distributing the protocols, Stalin told us, 'You are blind like young kittens; what will happen without me? The country will perish because you do not know how to recognize enemies.'"

LET VOROSHILOV SPEAK UP

Stalin commissioned and improved upon films, books and pictures glorifying himself. "Stalin loved to see the film *The Unforgettable Year of 1919*, in which he was shown on the steps of an armored train and where he was practically vanquishing the foe with his own saber. Let Kliment Voroshilov, our dear friend, find the necessary courage and write the truth about Stalin; after all, he knows how Stalin had fought."

"Because of his extreme suspicion, Stalin toyed also with the absurd and ridiculous suspicion that Voroshilov was an English agent [*Laughter*]. A special tapping device was installed in his home to listen to what was said there."

WHERE TO NEXT?

"Some comrades may ask us: Where were the members of the Politburo? Why did they not assert themselves? In the situation which then prevailed, I often talked with Nikolai Bulganin; once when we two were traveling in a car, he said: 'It has happened sometimes that a man goes to Stalin on his invitation as a friend. And when he sits with Stalin, he does not know where he will be sent next, home or to jail.'"

STALIN'S LAST DAYS

"It is not excluded that had Stalin remained at the helm for another several months, Comrades Molotov and Mikoyan would probably have not delivered any speeches at this Congress. Stalin evidently had plans to finish off the old members of the Politburo."

"Comrades! In order not to repeat errors of the past, the Central Committee has declared itself resolutely against the cult of the individual . . . We cannot let this matter get out of the party, especially not to the press. We should not give ammunition to the enemy; we should not wash our dirty linen before their eyes."

STALIN, THE WAR HERO

"During the whole war Stalin never visited any section of the front or any liberated city, except for one short ride on the Mozhaisk Highway during a stabilized situation at the front. To this incident were dedicated many literary works full of fantasies of all sorts and so many paintings."

GLOBAL PLANNING

"After the war began, the nervousness and hysteria which Stalin demonstrated, interfering with actual military operations, caused our army serious damage . . . When there developed an exceptionally serious situation for our army in 1942 in the Kharkov region . . . I telephoned Vasilevsky [Chief of Staff] and begged him: 'Alexander Mikhailovich, take a map and show Comrade Stalin the situation which has developed . . . We should note that Stalin planned operations on a globe. Yes, comrades, he used to take the globe and trace the front on it . . . [But] Stalin didn't want to hear any more arguments on the matter. I telephoned to Stalin at his villa . . . but Stalin did not consider it convenient to raise the phone and stated that I should speak to him through Malenkov [then Stalin's secretary], although he was only a few steps from the telephone. After 'listening' in this manner to our plea, Stalin said, 'Let everything remain as it is!' And what was the result of this? The Germans surrounded our army concentrations and consequently we lost hundreds of thousands of our soldiers. This is Stalin's military 'genius'; this is what it costs us."

red-striped trousers, Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito stepped out of his luxury coach to the sound of Muscovite cheers and triumphal military music.

To greet him were Russia's top leaders, President Voroshilov, Premier Bulganin and First Party Secretary Khrushchev, and Tito's ancient enemy, ex-Foreign Minister Molotov (*see above*). Grinning broadly, Tito shook them all by the hand. "Dear Comrade President," said President Voroshilov. "Dear Comrades, leaders of the Soviet Union, dear citizens," said Tito. A score of little Russian boys and girls dressed in red kerchiefs and white blouses presented Tito's handsome wife Jovanka with masses of tulips.

Tito made a train-side speech about "our fates being inseparable," despite the fact of "something unheard of and tragic" having taken place in the recent past. He expressed the profound conviction that "nothing of the kind will ever happen again between the two countries marching along the path of Marx, Engels and Lenin." No one mentioned the name of Stalin. Afterwards, to the sound of loud speakers blaring Yugoslav folk songs and

the cheers of tens of thousands of Russian onlookers, ex-Traitor Tito drove through Moscow to the Kremlin and then to Spiridonovka Palace, official residence of the new Soviet Foreign Minister Dmitry Shepilov. Observers, practiced in reading the temperature of Moscow's organized welcomes, judged this one to be only a degree or two less than that accorded India's Prime Minister Nehru last year.

Pigs at the Table. But Tito could reflect on how things have changed since his last visit to Moscow ten years ago. What happened then has since been described by Tito's Vice President Edvard Kardelj (who accompanied Tito to Moscow last week). Ten years ago Dictator Stalin threw a Kremlin banquet for Tito, then just recently emerged from Comintern obscurity to the eminence of a partisan hero and boss of Yugoslavia. Tito was clapped on the back by Stalin, who said to him: "What a pity, my dear Walter [Tito's Comintern name]. You are now living and working in Belgrade instead of at my side here in Moscow. I would so much prefer to have a man like you here instead of these pigs here at my table,

these weak spineless idiots I have around me all the time."

Then Stalin went on to tongue-lash his top aides, there present at the table. "For instance, my so-called Foreign Minister Molotov, whose brains are just as well-loused as his face. He can't even find foreign countries on the map, let alone deal with them." Molotov's face went white. "And that pig Malenkov who's always sticking his fat snout into my affairs, who thinks he knows everything, but really knows nothing." Malenkov's face quivered like jelly. Of Khrushchev: "Scheming careerist who's already climbed far beyond his brains and ability." And of Bulganin: "That ridiculous toy soldier who tries to be marshal of the Red army, but is only a fop in uniform."

None dared answer Stalin at that moment. Back of the banquet hall stood Stalin's pretorian guard of young Georgians, recruited in the mountains and obedient to his slightest wish. "How can men let themselves be treated like dogs?" Tito asked Kardelj afterward.

Back in Yugoslavia, Tito resolved to resist the infiltration of Stalin's goons into his partisan army, a decision that led to his break two years later with the Soviet Union. Having survived the break, Tito began to see himself a giant beside Stalin's "spineless" lieutenants.

Getting Right. Now Tito was back in Moscow to find out for himself how deep destalinization had gone in Russia and what kind of job Stalin's old aides are making of the succession. A year ago, when Bulganin and Khrushchev called at Belgrade to repair the broken friendship, Tito received them on a governmental basis only. Now he was ready to talk Communist politics. To brief himself on the Communist situation outside Yugoslavia, Tito before leaving Belgrade had called in Italian Communist Leader Palmiro Togliatti, his onetime friend and teacher at the Comintern school in Moscow, with whom he had been at odds since 1948. Togliatti, who signed the Cominform denunciation of Tito and was now anxious to get right, came flying to Tito's side.

If there was one lesson Tito had learned as a result of all the troubles in the last ten years, it was that a small country, even a Communist country, succeeds best when it is independent and, in Tito's case, in a position to play both sides of the street (*see box*). Tito's delegation, while ready to renew fraternal relationships with the Soviet Union, and to support the Soviet coexistence and popular fronts, was firmly set last week against being merged into an Eastern bloc of Communist nations. Only by refusing to yield Yugoslavia's unique separateness could Tito continue to regard himself as Europe's senior Communist, Marxism's prodigal son.

Same Old Ways

History is being rewritten in Soviet Russia, but the system itself is not so easily revised. Despite First Party Secretary Khrushchev's assurances that things have changed since Stalin's death, his se-

PLAYING BOTH SIDES OF THE STREET

MARSHAL Tito made a reputation as a successful partisan in World War II, but it took the cold war to show what a really clever guerrilla like Tito can do. Making the most of his strategic no man's land between the Communist and anti-Communist worlds, Tito has been able to play one

side against the other to the tune of billions of dollars in economic and military aid. Tito's country (pop. 17 million) ranks ninth in population in Europe, but his skillful and blustery balancing act has made Yugoslavia the best-helped country in Europe for its size. The tab, in round numbers:

FROM THE U.S. & ALLIES

UNRRA aid (following World War II)	\$ 480,000,000
U.S. military aid since break with Stalin (exact figures classified)	1,000,000,000
U.S. economic aid (since 1951)	590,000,000
British and French aid (since 1952)	90,000,000
International Bank loans	58,000,000
Export-Import Bank loans	55,000,000
Loans from Austria, The Netherlands, France, Switzerland, Belgium	30,000,000
Loans from West Germany	57,100,000
Settlement of claims on West Germany	14,500,000
Extended credits from West Germany	45,000,000
Extended credits from Britain	58,500,000
Loan from Canada (for wheat)	7,000,000
Loan from Japan (for industrial plant)	5,000,000
TOTAL	\$2,490,100,000

FROM THE EAST

Soviet gold or foreign exchange	\$ 30,000,000
Soviet raw materials	54,000,000
Soviet investment credits (reported)	120,000,000
Soviet-Yugoslav barter trade (two-way)	35,000,000
Czechoslovak credit (machinery, consumer goods)	25,000,000
Czechoslovak credit (capital investment goods)	50,000,000
Polish credit (mining, food-processing equipment)	20,000,000
Settlement of claim on Hungary (in negotiation)	130,000,000
TOTAL	\$464,000,000

curity police are acting much as they had done under the old Dictator. In Baku, it was reported last week, ex-Premier Mikhail Bagirov and three other leaders of the Caucasian Communist Parties had been summarily executed. The charge: they had been fellow conspirators of Police Chief Beria (executed 30 months ago). A more likely reason: Khrushchev & Co. still need scapegoats.

GREAT BRITAIN

"As Simple as That"

In strong and unyielding words, Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden last week made the British government's position in Cyprus clear and flat. Without bothering to clothe it in the familiar language of imperialistic idealism, Sir Anthony defined Britain's stake in one word: oil.

"Our country's industrial life and that of Western Europe," he told a Tory Party audience in Norwich, "depend today, and must depend for many years, on oil supplies from the Middle East. If ever our oil resources were imperiled, we should be compelled to defend them. The facilities we need in Cyprus are part of that defense."

"No Cyprus—no certain facilities to protect our supply of oil. No oil—hunger and unemployment in Britain. It's as simple as that."

This was certainly plain speaking. Eden went farther, accused Britain's ally, Greece, of fomenting much of the trouble. "It is certainly contrary to the whole spirit of NATO," he said, "that one of its members should seek by radio propaganda of the foulest character, directed from its capital month after month, to stir up terrorist activity in the territory of another. There can be no confidence, still less friendship, while this continues."

"It is sometimes suggested that a NATO base on Greek soil should suffice for our needs. This is not so."

There might be occasions when Britain alone or Britain and its Baghdad Pact partners, might have to act in the Middle East in situations which do not involve NATO. Eden, in the face of criticism abroad and at home, was arguing that if Cyprus itself is not to be a British base, there must at least be a British base in Cyprus. Thus he has laid down one clear requisite of any solution.

Another requisite—self-determination for the Cypriots—has already been laid down by Greece.

The big question is whether these demands are reconcilable, or whether events have gone past the point of no return. Britain's attempt to hold its Cyprus base by repression is fast destroying the good will of the population, which is necessary to any solution. But if Britain has to back down, it is entitled to know that any settlement it makes is not undone by some future wave of passion, such as eventually drove its troops first from Egypt itself and then from the Suez Canal. This is where NATO (which is seeking new tasks for itself) might usefully step in. If

Greece can be satisfied by the pace and genuineness of self-determination, if Britain can in return secure its Cyprus base, then their agreement might well be guaranteed by NATO, thereby being underwritten not only by the interested parties (Britain, Greece and Turkey), but by the U.S. and the eleven other NATO powers.

Merrie, Merrie England

It was almost like the good old days again, when everybody but the poor was rich, when King George V sat respectfully on his throne, and his dashing son the Prince of Wales (now Duke of Windsor) toppled off horses from Aldershot to Dockfield. Mayfair was afire with the glitter of bright lights, seductive scents hung heavy on the air, and the stillness of spring nights was shattered by the popping of champagne corks. Despite repeated government warnings to tighten all belts, London last week was in the giddy midst of the most extravagant social season since 1938. "The British upper class," wrote the doggedly proletarian *New Statesman* and *Nation*, "has got the bit between its teeth. Not since the '30s has

it consumed so much bad champagne and dubious caviar, trampled so much broken glass underfoot, and driven so many village dressmakers to profitable distraction. Society is scrambling shakily to its feet again and coking a tentative snoot at the masses."^{*}

In the Drink. At party after party, lean young lordlings were kicking up their heels with the debutante daughters of wealthy tradesmen. It was all high spirits and higher expense accounts. For the showiest party of all, an army of some 60 technicians was called in to transform the ballroom at Claridge's into a moonlit garden so that young Countess "Bunny" Esterhazy and "Flockie" Harcourt-Smith could meet society in proper style. Their parent-step-parents, Hungarian-born Banker Arpad Plesch and his four-times-married wife, laid out an estimated

^{*} The conservative *Daily Telegraph* stiffly noted that "the *New Piccadilly* and *Nation*" recently observed its silver anniversary by serving "champagne by the bucket" to a "seething, shrieking mass" of left-wing politicians and "statesmenlike women. Not the 'people at the top' perhaps; but where is the top now?"

NEW SOVIET FOREIGN MINISTER

Name: Dmitry Trofimovich Shepilov (pronounced Sheh-peel-off).

Born: In the Krasnodar region northeast of Black Sea, Nov. 4, 1905.

Youth & Education: Unknown.

Party Beginnings: Published "Alcoholism and Crime" (1930), a tract on the evils of vodka; "Social and Individual Elements in the Kolkhozes" (1939), an idealization of collective farm life.

World War II: Political instructor in Ukraine, where he worked closely with Khrushchev. Was promoted to major general within three years.

After War: Joined Central Committee's Department of Propaganda and Agitation, lectured on agriculture, published "The Great Soviet People" (1947), an attack on the Marshall Plan ("which deprives many a European country of sovereignty and transforms them into appendages of the monolithic capitalism of America"), claimed Russian scientists had been ahead of Lavoisier, Marconi and Edison in scientific discoveries.

Appointed deputy director of Propaganda and Agitation in 1948, director in 1949. He suffered a brief setback for association with Politburocrat Nikolai Voznesensky (executed by Stalin, posthumously rehabilitated last month).

Ascendancy: Made editor in chief of *Pravda* (1952), which does not make him a newspaperman ("our most important job: to propagandize"). Same year elected Deputy to the Supreme Soviet and chairman Foreign Affairs

Committee, Council of Nationalities (upper house). Although he published a eulogy on Stalin's economic theories a few months before Stalin's death, he apparently had no trouble making the transition to the new gang. He attacked the consumer-goods program and "vulgarizers of Marxism" in *Pravda* (Jan. 24, 1955) two weeks before demotion of Malenkov as Premier. Five months later elected to six-man Secretariat of Central Committee (whose first secretary is Khrushchev). He gave keynote speeches, began to appear with the Big Boys at embassy parties and to find his portrait raised at public functions.

In May 1955 he visited Yugoslavia with B. & K., who took him along instead of Molotov. A month later he visited Egypt, where in private talk with Nasser he presumably laid the foundation for the Czech arms deal.

Appearance: Over 6 ft., a lanky, handsome man with square, impassive face, copious greying hair, muscular neck and a brusque manner, obviously accustomed to authority. Tallest of the top Soviet leaders, most of whom date from the days when Stalin liked no one to be taller than his own 5 ft. 5 in.

Attitude: A perfect Stalin-Khrushchev party servant, a dedicated Communist and agile follower of the weaving party line, who has said: "From our point of view, it is as inevitable as the night follows day that the capitalist system will be replaced by the socialist system."



THE PLUSH PLEASCH PARTY AT CLARIDGE'S*
A moonlit garden for Bunny and Flockie.

London Daily Express

\$25,000 to make the evening a success. At another party, given at the Monkey Club, an exclusive shelter and society finishing school for young ladies, a silver fountain gushed red wine all evening. "We wanted to have something original," explained the father of Debutante Christine Thorowgood. "Besides it's good wine."

At a rousing Mayfair soiree attended by the Earl of Suffolk, the impulsive guests abandoned all formal arrangements to shed their shoes and dance in the streets to the blaring music of motorcar radios. A prominent guest at many of the parties was the 20-year-old Duke of Kent, Queen Elizabeth's first cousin and the seventh in line to Britain's throne. Wherever young Kent went—and his evenings were invariably full—the action was brisk. One party he attended was held on a yacht and ended only when sea scouts and river police turned up to fish two debonair young Guards officers out of the muddy waters of the Thames. Another reached its climax when some of the duke's young friends decided to scale a perilous parapet and sprinkle innocent passers-by in the street below with champagne.

Such high jinks in high circles earned inevitable clucks of disapproval from Mrs. Grundys all over the nation. In Parliament an outraged Laborite backbencher rose to demand assurances from the government that "breaches of the peace are treated by the police as breaches of the peace and not simply as acts of high spirits because they happen to occur among the rich and influential." The question, though it named no names, brought a prompt and unprecedented reply from Kensington Palace. The Duke of Kent, said a palace statement, was indeed at the parties referred to but was "in no way involved" in their fruitier moments.

In the Dumps. Not everyone, however, was so disapproving of the avalanche of expensive gaiety as Mrs. Grundy and

Laborite George Thomson. Hotel managers purred happily as they scanned supper-room bookings, filled up solidly to Christmas. A wholesale caviar merchant reported "our best year ever." Dance pianists, even not very good ones, were demanding and getting as much as £30 for an evening's work. In the midst of the merriment, many a Londoner was cast into the dumps at news that what might well have been the biggest and best party of all was canceled. It was to have been given by irrepressible Norah Docker, the blonde and lively wife of Daimler's Board Chairman Sir Bernard Docker, in honor of her 50th birthday.

Nobody in Britain could throw a better binge than Lady Docker, whose democratic ways and gold-plated, zebra-lined Daimler motorcars have long been the solid staples of London's gossip columns. Unfortunately for London partygoers, however, just as Norah's plans were crystallizing last week, the Daimler people fired her husband (see BUSINESS), and Norah moodily canceled her party. "How could they do it?" she said of her husband's employers, a question that echoed the sentiments of many a party girl toward Britain's spoilsports. As Debutante Felicity Drew, guest of honor at the Thames yacht party put it: "Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves, so it can't have been all bad."

A Home Is Not a Castle

Seven years ago Lady Garbett bought a 160-acre farm in the green and gently rolling county of Sussex. For years she had had no settled home while her colonial officer husband, Sir Colin Garbett, was busy with reclamation and irrigation projects in India and the Middle East. Now, separated from him and tired of wandering, she wanted to settle down in

the Elizabethan manor house with her daughter Susan, and run the farm.

Last week six trucks rolled up to the old manor house, and policemen stepped out under the copper beeches and laburnums. Admitted to the great house, one of them thrust a document at Lady Garbett. It was an eviction notice ordering her to leave home and farm by 3 o'clock that afternoon.

"Legalized Robbery." Lady Garbett had committed no crime. No bank was foreclosing a mortgage, no creditor had a complaint. She was being dispossessed of her home and land on the order of the Ministry of Agriculture. Why? Because, in the ministry's judgment, she was not farming her land "in accordance with the rules of good husbandry."

Harrows and plows were loaded into ministry trucks and disappeared. The animals—30 cows, ten goats, eight hens—had been previously boarded out to neighboring farmers. Lady Garbett and her daughter repaired to a nearby hotel with three dogs, twelve cats and three geese. "I call it legalized robbery," wailed Lady Garbett, and retired to bed with a headache. "Grossly immoral and against the Magna Carta," snapped Susan. "Is your property yours, or not?" She did not talk of getting a lawyer. There was nothing illegal about it. It was the law of the land.

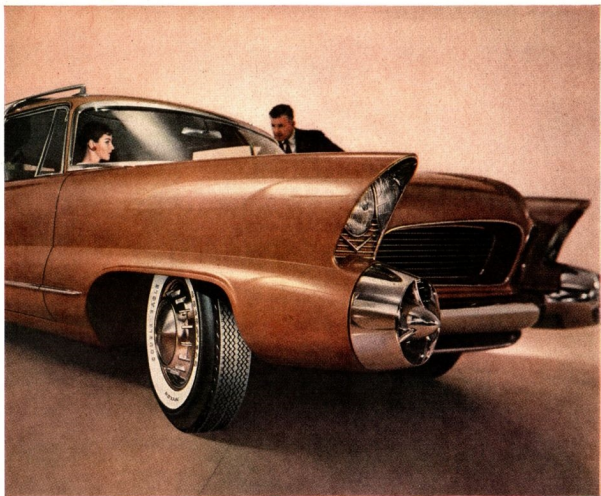
The law of the land is the Agriculture Act of 1947. Proposed by the Labor government in the austerity days of pressing food shortages and trade deficits, it offered the farmers a bargain: "guaranteed prices and assured markets" in exchange for an obligation to maintain certain standards of production. The law set up in each county Agricultural Executive Committees (A.E.C.) composed of twelve farmers, who were charged with overseeing all the farmers within their jurisdiction, with the right to inspect whenever they chose, to



Associated Press

LADY GARBETT (RIGHT) & DAUGHTER
In the name of good husbandry.

* Right center: Cinematress Merle Oberon.



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A BLEND...OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES • SIX YEARS OLD

prowl through barns and fields, to impose advice, and if dissatisfied, to evict those who failed to meet their standards. This power was not confined to eviction of tenant farmers. It included power to evict farm owners from their own farms.

Britain's two major farm organizations were so pleased with their guaranteed prices and markets that they raised no objections to the A.E.C.'s right to snoop and expel. The A.E.C. can expropriate farm land from a small farm and join it to a larger farm on the ground of "greater efficiency." An A.E.C. can decide a certain farm is best suited to cattle raising, and order the owner to put up cow barns, whether he can afford it or not. If a farmer rated laggard is put "under supervision," he can get a hearing before the A.E.C. But since the A.E.C. is both prosecutor and judge, he usually gets little satisfaction. He has no right to confront his accuser; the hearings are closed to both public and press. "We see nothing wrong with the trial of a farmer by his peers," explains an officer of the National Farmers Union. "We regard it as a bold experiment in self-government of the industry."

Strangely enough, in the land that first proclaimed a man's home his castle, the Tories have backed the law as vigorously as the Socialists. In 1952 a Tory government spokesman ringingly pronounced the bad farmer "a menace to society," and announced a renewed drive to crack down on him with a rash of dispossession orders.

A Bag of Beans. There have been only isolated protests. A Cambridgeshire vicar, the Rev. Eric Arthur Marsh, helped start a Farmers and Smallholders Association, demanded bitterly: "Why should not the inefficient factory owner be dispossessed? The inefficient butcher, baker, candlestick maker? The answer is easy. The farmer has sacrificed his liberty and freedom for the price of a bag of beans."

In the nine years the law has run, Labor and Tory governments have dispossessed or evicted 376 farmers. The dispossessed have gone quietly, shrouded in official silence, and without stirring public outrage. Lady Garbett's case differed only in the distinction of her name (her husband was a distant cousin of the late Archbishop of York, was himself knighted for his reclamation work). Though she claimed to have studied agriculture at her husband's side, the A.E.C. put her under supervision. She quickly became rattled and demoralized. Each year, A.E.C. inspectors would stalk around the farm criticizing and commenting, showered her with letters ordering her to plant this, or do that, until Lady Garbett got to the point of refusing even to open A.E.C. letters.

Last week a ministry official declared Lady Garbett had no right of further appeal. She may rent her house and land to a tenant if she can find one "acceptable" to the A.E.C. Or she may sell to an A.E.C.-approved farmer. But she may not move back into her own home. Growled the *Daily Express*: "Maybe Lady Garbett is a deplorable farmer. Maybe the Ministry of Agriculture is fully justified in its

contention that her land is neglected. But is not Britain a free country? Is she not the rightful owner of her own farm? It is a scandal and scar on British justice."

In Britain's welfare state, a farmer is now secure from the hazards of the marketplace. But he is no longer secure in the possession of his own home.

FRANCE

The Possessed

Lightning flashed, a clap of thunder shattered the air and the lights in a crowded courthouse at Blois (pop. 26,774) flickered out. The superstitious in the audience considered this manifestation something of an omen. There on trial for murder stood straight-haired, sloop-eyed Denise Labbé, 30, and her lover, Jacques Algarron, 26. Ever since their arrest more



LOVERS LABBÉ & ALGARRON
Murder can be beautiful.

AGIP

than a year ago, neighbors and newspaper readers had known the pair as "the Possessed," but cool, handsome Jacques and his pale paramour looked anything but demonic as they sat, clad in black, listening impassively to the charges. The daughter of a poor postman, orphaned at 13 and self-educated, Denise had been a capable, serious-minded government secretary. Jacques, an illegitimate child whose parents had married only as an afterthought, was a graduate of Saint-Cyr, an artillery lieutenant and a dedicated student of philosophy.

A la Gide. The demon that possessed Jacques and his girl came from drinking deeply of the heady, dark brews of French intellectualism, from the Marquis de Sade to Jean Paul Sartre. Denise was the ardent disciple of them all, a girl so enamored of the intellectual life and so prone to bedding with students that she soon found herself the mother of a bastard child. Her lover Jacques had already

fathered two bastards by the time they met, and his approach to women was always patterned on that of his intellectual idols. "In the manner of Gide," he would tell a susceptible girl, "I offer you fervor."

When they finally paired off two years ago, Jacques' love letters to Denise were steeped in philosophical mauling. Like his existentialist masters, Jacques believed that thought must be carried into action. It was all very well, he suggested, for Denise to say she loved him, but what about the proof? "To merit my love," said young Jacques, "you must go from suffering to suffering." He cited a passage in D'Annunzio in which a jealous husband kills the child his wife has had by another man, and asked, "Now, isn't that beautiful?" Denise agreed, "but," she said, "I haven't the right to do such a thing." "Exactly," said her lover, "that's the whole point."

A la Bernanos. Thus convinced, Denise did her best to please. Once she tried to drop her pretty little 24-year-old daughter out of a window. A peering neighbor spoiled the fun, and Denise hastily pulled in the child, who laughed at mummy's new game. Jacques was furious; so a week later Denise threw the child into a canal. A passer-by saved her. Once again Denise tried to please her lover, but the current washed her child safe ashore out of the river. Jacques threatened to leave. Desperate at last, Denise plunged her baby head first into a zinc washtub and held her there until she was dead. Then she telegraphed Jacques. "It takes courage," Jacques told a friend in admiration, "to kill your own daughter." The police were less enthusiastic.

Last week, as the lovers waited together for the verdict of guilty, and the pronouncement of sentence—life for her, 20 years for him—a superior smile still played over Jacques' lips. "Certain monsters," he mused in satisfaction, "are sacred because often the same qualities are found in a monster and in a saint."

"It's a little idea of my own," he added, "inspired by Georges Bernanos."

The Best Defense

"My center is collapsing, my right retreats, the situation is excellent, I shall attack." That mild-mannered ex-schoolmaster, Premier Guy Mollet, pulled out his copybook last week and took a timely lesson from Marshal Foch at the 1918 Battle of the Marne. Deserted by his coalition partner, Mendès-France, under withering bombardment from all sides for his handling of the North African crisis, Socialist Mollet marched out to demand a vote of confidence from the Assembly.

The Right had been all set to shell him for freeing Tunisia and Morocco without winning Arab help in pacifying Algeria. But after Mendès-France pulled out in dissatisfaction over the lack of genuine reforms in Algeria, the big guns of the Right, which favor the tough elements of Mollet's Algerian policy, fell silent. The biggest thunder on the Left came

from Stalin Peace Prize winner Pierre Cot. "A war that France cannot wage and does not want," he cried. "The only thing to do is negotiate." But Mollet's attack made its own breaks. Just in time, the government announced that 290 eastern Algerian rebels had been killed and turbaned General Si Amrouche routed in "the biggest battle of the year." Optimistic for the first time, Algeria's Minister Resident Robert Lacoste told cheering deputies that 400,000 French troops will be in the field this month, and he had "good reason to believe that in several months we will see results and entire populations rallying to our side."

Winding up the canonade, Mollet attacked Communists who "organize demonstrations in railway stations when reservists are leaving" and "call for a ceasefire in Algeria." Said Mollet: "I, too, am a partisan of a cease-fire, but these people make the demand only on France." Though the vote was not due until this week, Mollet appeared likely to win—for as Mollet himself quipped "everybody wants my blood but nobody wants my job."

ITALY

One Liter of Wine

After ten years of nationhood, the Republic of Italy last week voted in numbers that might shame older democracies. On a leisurely, balmy Sunday, nearly 24 million Italians, 91.1% of the electorate, trooped to the polls to vote for mayors and councilmen in Italy's 7,143 communes. From a welter of confused and overlapping statistics emerged one clear fact: the Christian Democratic party, generally supposed to have been losing ground with the voters, is still the choice of more Italians than any other party, and has actually picked up a few percentage points since 1951.

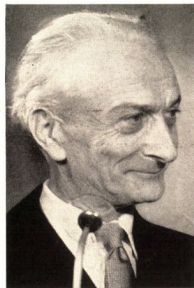
For Premier Antonio Segni's government, it was a welcome verdict of approval, and Christian Democratic strategists calculated happily that if national elections were held now, the government would considerably bolster its slim, 16-vote majority in the Chamber of Deputies.

Torn by the denigration-of-Stalin issue, Palmiro Togliatti's Communists lost more heavily than expected—several hundred thousand votes. But what Togliatti lost, his Socialist ally Pietro Nenni picked up. "It is like having a liter of wine and two bottles," said one former Communist cynically. "You may pour wine from one bottle to another, or back and forth as you like, but you still have the liter." One Italian voter in three was still voting the Communist line.

The Lesser Reward. Unfortunately the Christian Democratic victory did not bring equivalent rewards. Deprived of the electoral bonus which in 1951 gave two-thirds of the seats to the party polling the most votes, the Christian Democrats found themselves in many cities polling more votes but losing seats. In Turin, Genoa, Venice, Pisa and Rome, the Chris-

tian Democrats lost their legislative majority, and stood in need of allies, to govern. In Florence Mayor Giorgio La Pira, Florence's busy little friend of the poor, polled more votes than any mayor ever had, but ended with only 25 city council seats out of 60, v. 31 in 1951. In Rome the Christian Democrats increased their vote by 13 percent but lost twelve of their 39 seats. In Bologna, the only city over 250,000 to go Communist, burly Red Mayor Giuseppe Dozza routed his ascetic challenger, Giuseppe Dossetti. In Naples free-spending Millionaire-Monarchist Achille Lauro won so resoundingly that newspapers dubbed him "Achille the First, King of Naples."

In many cities where their plurality did not win them control, the Christian Democrats and their coalition partners will be forced to make alliances.



PREMIER SEGNI
And still the choice.

either tacit or actual. To most left-of-center Christian Democrats, alliances with the Monarchists and Neo-Fascists are distasteful.

The Red Devil. There is one other choice: alliance with the fellow-traveling Nenni Socialists. "The Christian Democrats must reckon with us, and we must reckon with them," Nenni said expansively. "Our terms will not be exorbitant."

So far, Christian Democratic Party Boss Amintore Fanfani has steadfastly refused any such "opening to the left" with Nenni until Nenni breaks his "unity of action" pact with the Communists. But at week's end another partner in the Christian Democratic coalition, the Saragat Socialists (who broke with Nenni nine years ago on the very issue of his Red allegiance), suddenly accepted Nenni's invitation to talk things over, while stoutly insisting that this did not mean any change in their determination to avoid all contact with Nenni's Red allies.

INDIA

Violence & Soul Force

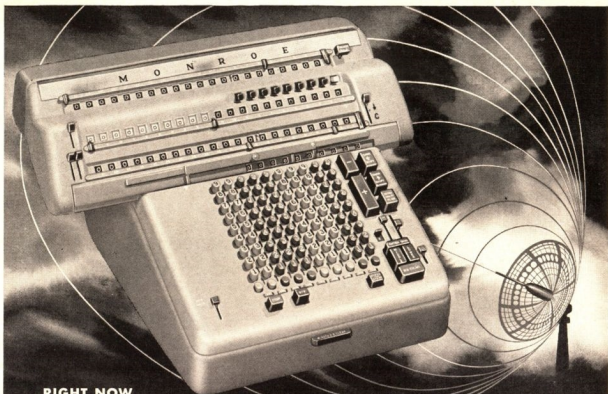
Throughout India, the land of Gandhi's *satyagraha* (peaceful soul force), a tide of violence was on the rise. Never far beneath the surface since January's Bombay riots, in which hundreds of people were killed, it broke again with a sudden and terrible fury in the blaze of India's consuming summer heat.

At dawn, in the sweltering, smoky railway center of Kharagpur, near Calcutta, a locomotive chugged to a stop outside the station to discharge workers. Suddenly, a mob of 200 railroad strikers was upon it. Beating the driver and fireman to a pulp with stones, they tossed their bodies aside. Then they opened the throttle and sent the locomotive careering down the tracks into the station. It smashed into a crowd of 100 workers, throwing bodies in every direction and injuring 60 people.

Creeping Atmosphere. Deeply disturbed by the increase in such episodes, Prime Minister Nehru warned Parliament of "a creeping in of violence in our public activities. How do we produce the atmosphere that results in this?" He had hardly finished speaking when violence broke out again, this time in the pleasant little town of Kalka, among the mountain foothills of Simla. There, police, frightened and outnumbered by an attacking mob of 1,500 people armed with stones and bottles, fired point-blank into the crowd. The toll: five dead, a score critically injured.

Two days later Nehru went to Bombay for a Congress Party meeting. A thousand police guarded the road from the airport against possible violence. This time the threatened violence was not from labor unionists, but from demonstrators who opposed the Nehru government's plan to make Bombay a centrally administered area. Sitting before a statue of Gandhi, Nehru made an impassioned plea: "When your enemy tries to wound you, you get hurt, but the wound heals in course of time. But when your brother inflicts injuries on you, the wound takes a long time to heal. Dead bodies do not hurt me so much as dead souls and dead hearts. Death has no fear for me. All of us have to die some day. But what I cannot tolerate is the meanness and bitterness that is gripping this nation."

Not Ready Yet. Nehru's pleas fell on deaf ears. Even as he spoke, thousands of demonstrators filled the streets of Bombay, shouting "Bombay is ours," and brandishing flags and umbrellas. Through the city they surged, shattering street lights, tearing up railroad tracks, erecting barricades, stoning cars containing members of Nehru's Congress Party. Police lobbed tear-gas shells into the rioting mobs, then fired into them point-blank. Tough Sikh reinforcements were called out, and nearly 2,000 people were arrested. Bitterly, Pandit Nehru said that Bombay is "not ready for self-rule" and will not get it for at least five years.



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MACHINES

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

In Los Angeles, Actor George Reeves, better known to millions of televising kiddies as **Superman** ("Faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive, able to leap tall buildings at a single bound! Look! Up in the sky! It's a bird, it's a plane, it's Superman!"), slapped a half-million-dollar suit on the O'Sullivan Building Materials Co. Reason: Superman Reeves, immovably safety-belted in his sports car, was irresistibly moved by an O'Sullivan truck last March, now claims he banged up his left side and arm so badly that his indestructibility was impaired.

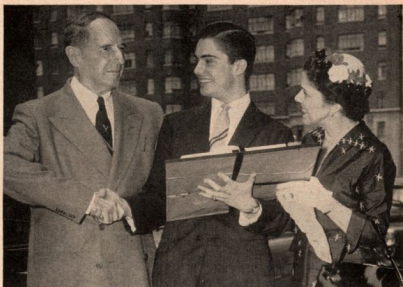
White House Aide **Howard Pyle**, still smarting from the pummeling he drew from the A.F.L.-C.I.O. for proclaiming that "the right to suffer is one of the joys of a free economy" (TIME, June 4), lost control of his tongue again. Speaking to some Republican ladies in Salisbury, Md., Pyle gravely assessed the G.O.P.'s outlook for November's elections: "The campaign will be no cakewalk for our congressional and senatorial candidates, even with our ticket being led by such a popular and great leader, **Franklin D. —**," Silent for a moment, the ladies shrieked their amusement. Unblinking, Orator Pyle corrected himself: "Forgive me. I mean by **Dwight D. Eisenhower!**"

The Soviet Union's plumpish (37-25-38) Cinemactress **Irina (Othello) Skobtseva** disclosed that feminine curves do not jibe with the serpentine Soviet party line. Said Irina: "We've never heard of sex appeal in Russia. It doesn't count and has nothing to do with art." Dis-



Associated Press

CINEMACTRESS SKOBTSEVA
No curves in the serpentine line.



International

THE MACARTHURS WITH SON ARTHUR
No footprints on the paternal path.

tending her ample bosom, she added: "In the Soviet Union, we do not pose in bathing costumes."

Ex-showgirl **Peggy Upton Archer Hopkins Joyce** Morner Easton, onetime Virginia belle, has made a career of collecting diamonds and indulgent husbands. Caught sailing for Europe last week with a middle-aged chap, altar-prone Peggy, first married in 1912 and still on the sunny side of 70, confessed that her companion is No. 6 and that for the past three years she has been Mrs. Andrew C. Meyer. Manhattan Banker Meyer, a bachelor until Peggy landed him, smiled fearlessly while his wife did most of the talking.

Will Cinemactress **Marilyn Monroe** (TIME, May 14) marry Pulitzer Prize-winning Playwright **Arthur (A View from the Bridge) Miller**, 40, now in Reno getting a divorce? The nation waited breathlessly for an answer. A Reno report depicted Miller in a "champagne glow," sighing "darling" over the phone to Hollywood, but unwilling to dance on the ceiling until "after I'm free." At week's end Marilyn, yawning cryptically, sahayed off an early morning plane and limousine into Manhattan. Why? "Doctor's orders. I'm suffering from fatigue." What about Arthur? "Good friends." How does it feel to be 30, which Marilyn turned last week? "Kinsey says a woman doesn't get started until she's 30. That's good news."

Graduating with honors from Manhattan's Browning School, handsome Arthur MacArthur, 18, got a firm military handshake from his rifle-spined father, General of the Army **Douglas MacArthur**, a dotting smile from mother, Jean Faircloth MacArthur. Latest in line of the soldiering family that has led U.S. troops in five wars, Arthur will not follow paternal

footprints to West Point. He will take up studies at Columbia University this fall, will probably join an R.O.T.C. unit.

Scampering aboard a plane in Los Angeles, impulsive **Judy Spreckels**, 24, ex-wife of Sugar Daddy Adolph B. Spreckels Jr., was soon in Memphis and the offices of the daily *Press-Scimitar*. She had learned that a photograph, made last month in Las Vegas, showing her with dreamboat Groaner **Elvis** ("Hi luh-huh-huh-huv yew-hew") **Presley**, 21, had appeared in the newspaper, and she had hopped to Tennessee to buy some copies of that edition. Was she in luh-huh-huh-huv with Presley (TIME, May 14)? "Oh, no, he's too young," cooed Judy.

After outdistancing his entourage in a fortnight's dashing about Italy, tireless Tourist **Harry S. (for Swinomish) Truman** raced on to Austria, where he was soon ensconced in the third row of a Salzburg concert hall. As Music Lover Truman watched approvingly, Conductor **Bernhard Paumgartner** struck up the band, then quickly stopped the music while guards kicked out a movie cameraman who had ignored a signal to go away from Truman territory. At a dinner that followed, the former President, never averse to giving hell even to the press when it nettles him, outspokenly applauded the maestro's action: "Many times in my own life I have wished that I could have handled the press photographers as well!" Unfortunately, Truman's interpreter omitted the word "photographers." Next day Austria's press, keener on its dignity than many a pencil-clutching U.S. newsmen who used to tangle with Harry, took umbrage. Grouched a correspondent for Vienna's *Neuer Kurier*: "It [was] very unsuitable for Mr. Truman to insult the press of this country while a guest at an official reception."

MARTIN'S SCOTCH...
that's the spirit !





Sovereign right of a successful man

NATURALLY, a man of means has every right to spend his money as he sees fit.

He has no pretense to maintain, and no point to prove—except that he is his own judge of the worth of his possessions.

In the matter of motoring, he can choose the costliest of fine cars—or he can choose what he considers the most rewarding of fine cars, regardless of its cost.

And in a growing number of such cases, that choice of “most rewarding” goes to ROADMASTER—for obvious reason.

This is the best of Buicks, the most luxurious of Buicks, the most masterful

of Buicks—the very cream of the line of great automobiles that have won unparalleled popularity.

What does that mean? Just this:

ROADMASTER provides a new peak of distinctive characteristics for the many qualities that have won such soaring success for all Buicks.

The great Buick ride of all-coil springing and torque-tube stability—the velvet might of Buick high-compression V8 power—the superb sureness of Buick handling—the unique smartness of Buick styling—the luxury of Buick interiors—all these are brought to a new perfection in this Buick of Buicks.

But there is also this to consider:

ROADMASTER is the only car of the world's fine cars where you can enjoy the absolute smoothness and the instantaneous response of Variable Pitch Dynaflo—the only such car with the gas-saving action and the switch-pitch performance of this airplane-principled transmission.

If you will visit your Buick dealer and accept a ROADMASTER demonstration, you will know exactly why there is no other fine car just like this one.

It is unique, deeply satisfying, and the most rewarding automobile, we believe, on the American scene today.

BUICK Division of GENERAL MOTORS

Roadmaster

Custom Built by Buick

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

RADIO & TELEVISION

The Week in Review

Television, in an unusually sober mood, especially concerned itself with the death of cities.

Sandwiched between the ventriloquists, singers and jugglers on the *Ed Sullivan Show* was a 63-minute animated short, *A Short Vision*, made by a young British couple, Peter and Joan Faldes, who scored at the 1952 Cannes Film Festival with their first cartoon, *Animated Genesis*.

The *Vision* deals with the apocalyptic explosion of a super-bomb. Its ghostly passage across the sky startles the animal world. A leopard releases a captured doe, and both cower deep in the underbrush. In the city, men, women and children sleep, while their "leaders and wise men" anxiously scan the heavens, "but it was too late." There is a shudder of light and, in all the raised faces, eyes melt in their sockets.

A young woman wakes at the shock, and her features dissolve into a skull. An unemotional voice intones: "When it was all over, there was nothing else left but a small flame; the mountains, the fields, the city and the earth had all disappeared ... Then I saw it, still flying around the flame, and now it looked like a moth and it, too, was destroyed, and the flame died." Even in black and white, the *Vision* was so chilling that the studio audience sat in stunned silence when it was over. Wires and phone calls poured in, about evenly divided between praise and condemnation. Sullivan will give a repeat showing of the cartoon this week, and Distributor George K. Arthur, who brought the film to the U.S., is releasing it nationally.

CBS's *Adventure* traveled back in time to a city slain by nature rather than by man. In re-creating the terrifying last days of Pompeii, the show had the help of an excellent script—the contemporary letters of Pliny the Younger to the historian Tacitus—and dramatic excerpts from a pair of vintage Italian films, *Sins of Pompeii* and *Pabiola*. In somber contrast to the deluge of volcanic fire and dust that buried the city and its inhabitants, the camera strolled down the empty, cobbled streets of present-day Pompeii and glanced up at the peaceful, picturesque cone of Vesuvius.

Set beside such stark drama, the rest of the TV week had a trivial look. NBC's *Producers' Showcase* offered the 12-year-old *Bloomer Girl*. Like many Broadway musicals transferred to TV, it had some pleasant tunes and a deplorably outdated plot. At week's end CBS tried to cheer up viewers with its own musical version of John Hersey's *A Bell for Adano*. Some of the lyrics were unfortunate ("We think more of the bell than the belly . . ."); the chorus of happy villagers was led by a blonde Anna Maria Albergotti while Barry Sullivan—like a supporting player in *Your Hit Parade*—stood around changing his expression from sad to happy to suit her musical sentiments.

The Unobtrusive Beauties

Julia Meade, 28, is blonde, beautiful and alluringly shaped (34-20-34), but she earns \$100,000 a year from three sponsors by calling attention to their products rather than her own charms. Julia aims at a sort of well-groomed invisibility: "The dress I wear must have something up here," she says, gesturing at her neckline. "There can't be any cleavage or even a shadow of cleavage." And she adds primly: "I would never wear a strapless dress."



Peter and Joan Faldes
SUPER-BOMB VICTIM IN TV FILM
... And the flame died.

Julia is one of a dozen or so young women on TV who find self-effacement enormously profitable.

Low-Riding Skirt. Mary Costa, another blonde who earns \$52,000 a year peddling cars for Chrysler on *Climax and Shower of Stars*, agrees that a girl spierler should be "good-looking but not too flashy to detract from the product. I try to dress elegantly but simply." Mary's feminine viewers notice her enough to wonder how she can get so gracefully into and out of today's cars. "They write asking why my skirt never rides up. It's a simple matter of placing more weight on the calves than on the thighs, as women usually do." Another bouncy blonde, Mary Dean, has reduced her \$30,000-a-year job to a neat formula: "It is most important not to think of yourself. All you should be interested in is the package you're selling."

Julia Meade is a leading moneymaker among the girls, even topping Veteran Betty Furness, who this week begins her seventh TV year for Westinghouse. She is also seen by the most people—an estimated 65 million a week—and she appears on all three networks, plugging Lincolns for CBS's *Ed Sullivan Show*, Hudnut hair products for NBC's *Your Hit Parade*, and LIFE on ABC's *John Daly* news show. Like most of her rivals, Julia started out as an actress. Born in Boston, she was encouraged by her mother, Caroline Meade—who once tramped with Walter Hampden—to go to the Yale Drama School. When she went job-hunting in Manhattan in 1948, the only work she could get was at the Du Mont TV studio in Wanamaker's department store. She moved into network TV on the giveaway show, *Winner Take All* ("I gave away prizes, acted in sketches and just sort of filled in"), and did her first regular commercials as emcee of NBC's *Embassy Club*: "I did polite chit-chat about king-sized cigarettes."

Ball-Joint Suspension. One of her viewers was Howard Wilson, a vice president at the Kenyon & Eckhardt advertising agency, who thought she looked "awful cool, calm and relaxed," and asked her to do the Lincoln commercials on the *Ed Sullivan Show*, while Ed continued to deliver the sales message for Mercury. There were some bad moments. Wilson was not sure a girl would be convincing talking about such things as "high torque, turbo-drive transmission" and "ball-joint suspension," and there were some fears that Julia might be too gentle to compete with "hard-selling" male announcers. Researcher Horace Schwerin came to her rescue: "No one in our experience has had a higher acceptance with women. We have tested her for voice, appearance and personality, and 90% of the women questioned gave her very high scores."

In Julia's world, all television is concentrated in the 15- to 30-minute commercial. Explains Adman Wilson: "It may be a matter of indifference to the layman but to agencies and sponsors it is life and death. The announcer is a little like the guy in an orchestra who has to clash the cymbals at a certain moment. If he goofs, the entire symphony is ruined—at least,

UNIVERSAL

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makes *real* coffee
to your taste... automatically

The all-new Universal Coffeematics give you the pride of owning America's most popular coffeemaker and the pleasure of perfect coffee day after day. With the Flavor-Selector, you choose the strength you prefer. Coffeematic does the rest automatically... quickly brews to perfection, signals when ready and keeps your coffee at ideal serving temperature.

from \$24⁹⁵

Ten-cup model shown, \$29.95. In copper, \$32.95

UNIVERSAL makes things easier... automatically



UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.



JULIA MEADE
Don't drop the baby.

as far as we are concerned." Julia seldom goofs. "I try to be natural, believable, sincere," she says in a dedicated tone. "It's not easy. On the stage you can take liberties, but in TV you can't play around with the time or the sponsor's product. Why, it would be like grabbing someone's three-day-old baby and dropping it!"

Julia studies her script for four days, rehearses it in front of her husband, an illustrator named O. Worsham Rudd. By show time she has the script memorized and never uses cue cards. She sometimes views kinescopes of old programs, looking for flawed gestures and diction ("I have a tendency to make my r's too pronounced"). As she delivered her 150th commercial for Lincoln last week, Julia knew precisely what effect she wanted to achieve: "I hope that when I come on-camera I get an 'Oh' of delight, and not 'Oh, her again!'"

Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, June 7, Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Boxing (Fri. 10 p.m., NBC). Heavy-weight bout: Floyd Patterson v. Tommy ("Hurricane") Jackson.

Perry Como Show (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). With Kim Novak, Mickey Mantle.

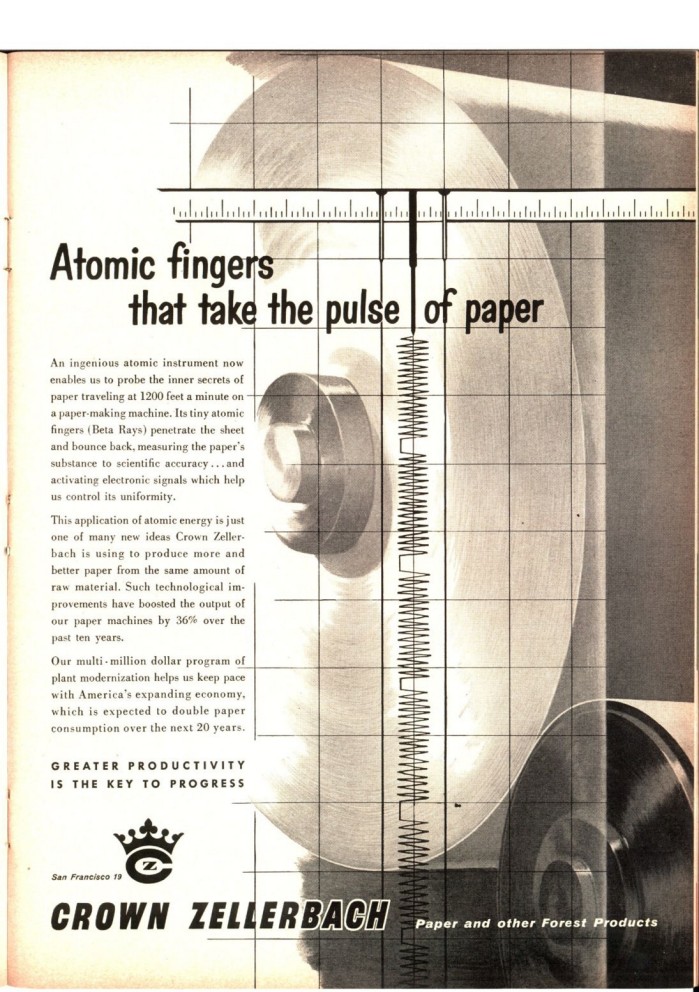
Face the Nation (Sun. 5 p.m., CBS). Panelists question Admiral Arleigh Burke, Chief of Naval Operations.

RADIO

Summer in St. Louis (Sat. 6:30 p.m., CBS). Excerpts from *Annie Get Your Gun*.

Woolworth Hour (Sun. 1 p.m., CBS). With Marguerite Piazza, Robert Merrill.

Biographies in Sound (Tues. 9:05 p.m., NBC). Portrait of Babe Didrikson Zaharias.



Atomic fingers that take the pulse of paper

An ingenious atomic instrument now enables us to probe the inner secrets of paper traveling at 1200 feet a minute on a paper-making machine. Its tiny atomic fingers (Beta Rays) penetrate the sheet and bounce back, measuring the paper's substance to scientific accuracy... and activating electronic signals which help us control its uniformity.

This application of atomic energy is just one of many new ideas Crown Zellerbach is using to produce more and better paper from the same amount of raw material. Such technological improvements have boosted the output of our paper machines by 36% over the past ten years.

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MEDICINE

Benny Is My Co-Pilot

When six Food and Drug Administration inspectors were assigned to root out dangerous and illegal sales of amphetamine stay-awake drugs—better known as “bennies,” “pep pills” or “co-pilots”—to over-the-road truck drivers, they had to work as truckers themselves. The FDA men usually operate without disguise, but the FBI taught them tricks of undercover work, and trucking-company representatives gave them tips on trucking. Willing companies hired them after first putting them through school. Then the FDA men went on the road, taking day or night jobs in the East, Midwest and South, bunking in truck stops and rooming houses with unsuspecting buddies.

A Dollar a Dozen. Main topics of conversation at these stops, the inspectors found, were sex and drugs. There was so much loose talk about the drugs that they soon knew dozens of places to buy them, though many truck drivers emphatically refused to touch the stuff. Drivers were not the only customers: At a gas station in Charlotte, N.C., an inspector saw a teen-age boy plunk down a dollar bill for a bag of a dozen bennies (Benzadrine tablets), which wholesale in large quantities for about \$2 a thousand.

Concentrating in the Charleston (S.C.)-Charlotte-Atlanta triangle, where the amphetamine traffic seemed heaviest, two inspectors driving a borrowed, repainted Army trailer-truck spent six weeks making buys at the spots turned up in the preliminary survey. At one drugstore they had no trouble buying 2,000 pep pills, saying they wanted to peddle them to other drivers. But a second druggist was smarter: he took \$55 from the inspectors for a thousand pills that turned out to be aspirin.

17 Hits, No Errors. The Department of Justice filed 22 criminal actions against 42 individuals in six states as a result of the drive. Last week the FDA scored six hits, winning pleas of guilty from defendants who drew fines or jail terms. These ran its string to 17 victories without a single defeat, left only five cases to go. One who drew a \$500 fine and a year's jail sentence (suspended) was the Charlotte gas-station operator who sold to the teen-ager.

The pep-pill circuit in the Southeast has cooled considerably as a result of the drive, but the FDA is not kidding itself: the dangerous racket persists elsewhere, may be spreading. Even if a half-emptied bottle of co-pilots is found in the pocket of a driver who has been killed by driving his truck off the road, it is usually impossible to prove cause and effect. But traffic authorities and truck companies agree that this is a likely result when drivers dose themselves with bennies to stay awake while they burn up the roads, day and night, without rest. Many truck companies are posting signs for their drivers: “Get your rest—bennies can kill.”

Sick or Sinful?

“Psychiatrists since Freud have been busy doing for man's morals what Darwin and Huxley did for his pedigree,” complained one of Britain's most respected economists and sociologists last week. This may or may not be progress, but to Economist Barbara Wootton, now a magistrate in London's juvenile courts, it presents a serious problem. In *Twentieth Century* she writes:

“The fact that the tiresome child, the law-breaker and the unhappy lover now pass through [the doctors'] consulting rooms implies the belief that people in these predicaments are, or may be, ill. The concept of illness expands continually at the expense of the concept of moral



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE
Who deserves fussing over?

Culver

failure . . . The significance of this question of who is sick and who is sinful cannot be laughed off as “merely semantic” . . . No verbal tricks with definitions will alter the practical consequences, in our culture, of drawing the boundary between health and illness in one place rather than another . . .

“Who, in fact, amongst the many who get into messes deserve to be fussed over as invalids and who should be required . . . to carry for themselves the responsibilities of normal healthy men and women . . . ?

“The conclusion seems inescapable that a large proportion of these people are ‘treated’ by the doctor just because they are tiresome or unhappy . . . Only by grotesque mental gymnastics can they be made out to be ill in any other sense. In fact, the stealing, bed-wetting, bad-tempered children whom, as magistrates, we refer for psychiatric treatment, are diagnosed as sick by their very stealing, bed-wetting and bad temper. But what can



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we say about the parents of these children, some of whom also consent to receive 'treatment' for themselves? In what sense can they be said to be mentally sick? Must we accept as proof of their illness mere failure to cope with such unmanageable offspring?

"Plainly, the distinction between the mentally sick on the one hand and the sinful (or the miserable and the muddled) on the other, is getting shakier and shakier . . . Hence the dilemma: either our psychiatrist must be spending his time upon those who are not really ill at all . . . or our conception of mental illness must be much too narrow, and needs to be widened to include pretty well everybody who is in trouble of any kind."

Professor (of social studies) Wootton gave no pat prescription for resolving the dilemma, but confided: "For my own part I must confess that I can never listen to panegyrics of mental health as smooth personal adjustment without being haunted by the ghost of that most misfitting of all misfits—Florence Nightingale. Had that astonishing woman been born of this generation, must we suppose that a Child Guidance Clinic would have put an early stop to all her nonsense?"

Early & Operable

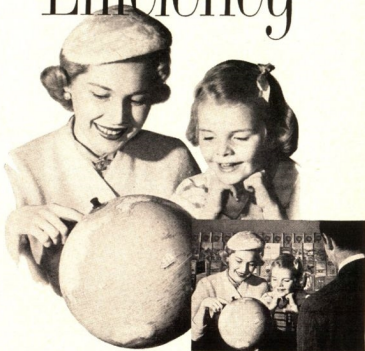
It is often said that early cancer is curable. Yet almost every doctor knows patients who discovered a tiny mass, had prompt treatment, but soon died from fast-spreading disease. Why? Main reason, says the University of Chicago's Pathologist Paul E. Steiner, is that "early" means many different things.

It may mean early 1) in the sense that it has only just begun to produce signs and symptoms; 2) in the anatomical sense of being small; 3) in the topographical sense of being localized; 4) in the technical (histological) sense of not having invaded other tissues; 5) in the sense of still being susceptible to treatment or of offering a high probability of cure. "These attributes may coincide in some instances," says Dr. Steiner in *Cancer Research*, "but frequently they do not . . . Early-disseminating tumors, in many sites in the body, are incurable almost from the start and before they are diagnosable. In the biological sense, they are already late in their youth."

It is fortunate, Dr. Steiner notes, that most tumors arise at sites which he calls "expendable." These, if detected early, meaning before they have spread, are indeed often curable. But they may soon spread to vital parts. "The surgeon is constantly reducing the number of anatomical structures that are essential to life, but at this time there appears to be a limit beyond which he cannot hope to go. The brain, heart, some lung tissue, and other organs will probably be indispensable for some time. The [cancers] involving these parts are threats to life from the time of their origin."

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of fluid taken from the bone marrow (usually breastbone) through a large-bore needle, reported researchers at Ontario's Hamilton General Hospital. Even when cancer is not directly suspected, and when the symptoms are such common ones as anemia, fatigue, loss of weight, or changes in the white blood-cell count, they often find telltale cancer cells in the marrow. After running the tests on 4,100 patients, they now make them routinely in all cases where diagnosis is in doubt, the researchers reported in the *Annals of Internal Medicine*.

Pills for the Mind

U.S. psychiatrists are busy digesting a mass of research reports on the revolutionary use of drugs to relieve tension and to make mental patients more accessible to treatment. How are the early "tranquillizer" drugs standing up under the test of time? And how do the new ones look? The investigators' answers fall out of date almost as soon as printed, because new drugs and fresh research reports are coming out so fast. But here are the answers to date:

Chlorpromazine (brand name: Thorazine), first of the ataraxics or tranquilizing drugs used in North America, has clinched its leadership as the one most generally effective in treating the severe mental illnesses that usually need hospitalization. The earlier used, the better. It is best in agitated cases, least effective (and occasionally harmful) in the depressed. After three years of experience with it, doctors are less jittery, though still wary, about undesirable reactions—lowering of blood pressure, damage to the liver or white blood cells.

Reserpine, synthesis of which was announced by Harvard's Professor Robert B. Woodward,* has the advantage over chlorpromazine that large doses can be given to calm acutely disturbed patients. Cincinnati's Dr. Douglas Goldman reports that it often produces turbulence after a few days, which may be mistaken by attendants for a passing phenomenon, but the turbulence is a passing phenomenon. Mississippi's Dr. Veronica Pennington finds that the most enduring tranquilization of state-hospital patients comes from reserpine; its effects persist as long as a month after the last dose has been administered. To cut down the cases of depression caused by reserpine, one manufacturer (Ciba) is combining it with a second drug, Ritalin, designed to give a lift.

Azacyclonol (brand name: Frenquel) is "an exasperating in-and-out" because different researchers get conflicting results, says Cincinnati's Dr. Howard Fabing (*TIME*, Dec. 19). From 49% to 54% of state-hospital patients show good response, says Dr. John T. Ferguson of Traverse City, Mich. He finds Frenquel less potent than the two former drugs in quelling disturbed, overactive behavior, but more effective in squelching a patient's delusions.

* Head of a series of research teams that previously synthesized strychnine, cortisone, lysergic acid and quinine.



Frank Bellio-Fortune
CHEMIST WOODWARD
Tranquillity from test tubes.

Meprobamate (brand names: Miltown, Equanil) effects marked improvement in a somewhat smaller percentage of hospital patients than chlorpromazine or reserpine, but is most popular with the patients, as well as with millions of walkie-talkie neurotics. Noted for its sleep-inducing action and lack of side effects, it also seems to check excessive sweating (which some of the other drugs aggravate).

Besides the front runners, one or another of the research doctors has a good word for nearly all the newer drugs developed in the feverish search for still-more-effective agents:

Mepazine (Pacatal) appears twice as potent as chlorpromazine in tranquilizing effect in a veterans' hospital, reports McGill University's Dr. H. Angus Bowes. In helping to calm long-term patients into subjects for psychotherapy, it is especially effective in combination with chlorpromazine.

Promazine (Sparine), tried at two Illinois state hospitals by Dr. Lester H. Rudy and colleagues, appears to bring about some improvement in a greater proportion of patients than mepazine, but no firm conclusions can be drawn because of the small numbers treated.

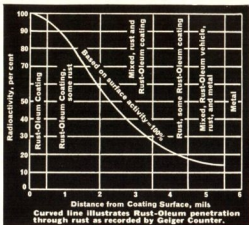
Doxylamine, used since 1948 as an antihistaminic under the name Decapryn, is proving remarkable for eliminating unpredictable outbursts of unruly behavior by normally docile patients, reports Michigan's Dr. Ferguson. Like Frenquel, it also reduces delusions and hallucinations, gives a boost to patients who have developed resistance after some improvement on other drugs.

Hydroxyzine, first made in Europe (as Atarax), and designed for the same kind of free-floating, anxious neurotics as meprobamate, has just been put on the market by Chicago's Roerig & Co. Medical reports on effectiveness will be available next week.

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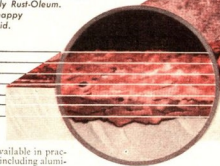
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1911 RAY HARROUN
74.59 m.p.h.



*1913 JULES GOUX
75.93 m.p.h.



*1920 GASTON CHEVROLET
88.62 m.p.h.



1921 TOMMY MILTON
89.42 m.p.h.



1922 JIMMY MURPHY
94.48 m.p.h.

Firestone introduces famous Gum-Dipping Process for greater tire adhesion and safety.



1923 TOMMY MILTON
90.95 m.p.h.
Firestone pioneers the low-pressure or "balloon" tire to absorb road shock, lengthen car life.



1924 L. CORUM, JOE BOYER
98.23 m.p.h.



1925 PETE DE PAOLO
101.12 m.p.h.



1926 FRANK LOCKHART
95.9 m.p.h.



1927 GEORGE SOUDERS
97.54 m.p.h.



1933 LOUIS MEYER
104.16 m.p.h.



1934 WILD BILL CUMMINGS
104.86 m.p.h.
Firestone manufactures first passenger car tires containing synthetic rubber.



1935 KELLY PETILLO
106.24 m.p.h.



1936 LOUIS MEYER
109.06 m.p.h.



1937 WILBUR SHAW
112.58 m.p.h.
Firestone first to use rayon cord in passenger car tires to match increased car performance.



1947 MAURI ROSE
116.23 m.p.h.
Firestone first to use nylon cord in passenger car tire bodies for greater safety at higher speeds.



1948 MAURI ROSE
119.812 m.p.h.



1949 BILL HOLLAND
121.327 m.p.h.



1950 JOHNNIE PARSONS
124.002 m.p.h.



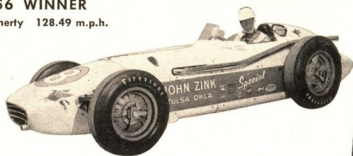
1951 LEE WALLARD
126.244 m.p.h.
Firestone was the first to design the blowout-safe, puncture-sealing, tubeless tire.

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—says Pat Flaherty, 1956 Indianapolis Champion

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1928 LOUIS MEYER
99.48 m.p.h.



1929 RAY KEECH
97.58 m.p.h.



1930 BILLY ARNOLD
100.44 m.p.h.



1931 LOUIS SCHNEIDER
96.62 m.p.h.



1932 FRED FRAME
104.14 m.p.h.



1938 FLOYD ROBERTS
117.20 m.p.h.
Gear-Grip tread introduced.
Also race tire construction in
passenger tires.



1939 WILBUR SHAW
115.035 m.p.h.



1940 WILBUR SHAW
114.277 m.p.h.



*1941 MAURI ROSE, FLOYD DAVIS
115.117 m.p.h.



*1946 GEORGE ROBSON
114.8 m.p.h.



1952 TROY RUTTMAN
128.922 m.p.h.
The Firestone Town & Country
tire with super-traction
tread for snow, ice, mud.



1953 BILL VUKOVICH
128.74 m.p.h.
Firestone introduces the
"500", first high-strength nylon
cord tubeless tire.



1954 BILL VUKOVICH
120.840 m.p.h.
Firestone first to announce the
bladed-design Silent-Ride,
Safety-Grip tread.



1955 BOB SWEIKERT
128.209 m.p.h.

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SPORT

Youngest Yet

When doctors prescribed physical exercise for his failing health four years ago, British Schoolboy John Beharrell had just the excuse he needed to enjoy himself on the golf course. This year, when doctors told him to quit his classes entirely, Beharrell, 18, happily put in his free time polishing up his game. He did a fine job. At Troon, Scotland last week he had the shots, the stamina and the concentration to hold off Glasgow Insurance-man Leslie Taylor, 5 and 4, and win the British amateur championship.

The chunky, blond teen-ager had only entered the tournament for experience, but when he suddenly found himself in semifinals, he decided he had half a chance. When he reached the finals, he took on an added responsibility: he was the only Englishman left, and no Englishman had won the British amateur championship in 17 years.

Wicked winds whipped in off the Firth of Clyde for that last round on Troon Old Course. Tee shots curved relentlessly out of line. But from chipping distance to the pin, Beharrell was equal to anything the weather or the links demanded. He one-putted most greens. He never showed a blink of emotion. After he had lost four holes in a row, he came back later to sink a two-foot putt and win. Then he relaxed for an instant. He grabbed his cap and waved his putter aloft in his other hand. "Aye!" he shouted with relief.

Youngest ever to win the British amateur crown, Beharrell insisted, "I will never go pro—never, never, never." He will probably never have to. His grandfather, Sir J. George Beharrell, is president of Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd.

Irish Luck

George Francis Patrick Flaherty was riding his Irish luck. Rolling out for the Indianapolis 500-mile Memorial Day auto race, he wore a jaunty shamrock on his helmet, and he didn't give a tinker's dam for the auto racers' superstition that green is the devil's own color on the track. With his John Zink Special, almost an exact copy of last year's winner, 30-year-old Pat Flaherty had already spun through his trial heats fast enough to set a one-lap record: 146.056 m.p.h. In the big test itself, freckle-faced Flaherty, a truant from his Chicago taproom, felt sure that he had "the horses" to outrun his competitors. The trick was to stay in front of trouble.

It was quite a trick. The "Big Spin in the Brickyard" has always been a race with disaster, and this year was no exception. With only 50 miles behind him, Veteran Paul Russo, pushing the only V-8 engine in the pack (a supercharged Winfield that can turn up to 8,000 r.p.m.), pushed a little too hard. The wicked acceleration of his Novi Vespa Special spun a tire loose on its rim, the valve stem tore, and the resulting blowout sent the



Associated Press
BRITISH CHAMPION BEHARRELL
"Aye!" he shouted.

racer careening into the south wall. The Novi exploded in a great, greasy ball of flame, but Russo walked away. Behind him, four cars (out of 33 entered) swirled into a slow-motion mix-up.

Terrible Strain. Tires were the toughest problem. They were inflated to a rock-hard 60 lbs. (until this year competitors had settled for a relatively soft 40 lbs.), and to make matters worse, the track's new blacktop surface seemed especially abrasive. Every time there was an accident, the yellow caution lights went on, warning drivers to hold their positions. During the unregulated moments when the track was clear, drivers roared to top speed. So the long grind degenerated into a series of laps and sprints.

All the while Flaherty stayed out in front, where he had installed himself on

the 76th lap (of 200). Behind him, Bob Sweikert, last year's winner, blew a tire after 325 miles, bounced off a wall and rolled to the pits on his rim; he never made up his lost time. Another car, its brakes locked, spun into the pits, caromed off a competitor and hit a mechanic. Tires kept popping, and the yellow lights flared; three drivers, two pit crew members and two spectators were injured.

Easy Ride. Like every other driver except Russo, Pat Flaherty rode behind a four-cylinder Meyer-Drake Offenhauser engine that whined up to 6,000 r.p.m. as it put out about 350 h.p. But his engineer and pit chief, A. J. Watson, had planned for the problems of the hopped-up track. The Zink Special had been shaved down four inches in width, its side panels fabricated from magnesium to reduce weight. Its tires, as a result, had an easy ride. Flaherty needed only two pit stops, averaged 128.49 m.p.h. for the 500 miles. Most important of all, his luck lasted. He swept past the checkered finish flag only 22 seconds ahead of Veteran Sam Hanks. And as he rode through one extra "insurance" lap, his throttle linkage snapped. Minutes earlier, the accident would have cost him the race.

As Pat Flaherty well knew, the "500" is always like that. All goes well for the man in front; the boys in the back ride with trouble. By getting in front and staying there, Driver Flaherty got the \$93,819 winner's purse, including \$19,050 in lap prizes—the juiciest reward of any Memorial Day drive.

Homer-Happy

Home runs are sailing out of big-league ball parks like pigeons. Sharp-eyed sluggers on Memorial Day set an all-time high by belting out a total of 50 homers in that one day of eight major-league doubleheaders. In Chicago, where the Milwaukee Braves split with the Cubs, the two teams set a record of 15 homers in two games, the Braves' Bobby Thomson accounting for a pair in each game.

It might have gone into the record books as one of those special days—but the homer-hitters kept right on connecting. After letting his record string of home runs in successive games run out at eight, the Pirates' First Baseman Dale Long came back four days later and banged out his 15th of the season. The Yankees' Centerfielder Mickey Mantle, his batting average running well above .400, hit his 19th and 20th—and two days later the Yanks were punished in kind by a grand-slam belt off the bat of Detroit's Leftfielder Bob Kennedy.

Sportswriters, while speculating on the possibility of some new kind of rabbit ball, began to say out loud—and with fewer qualifications than usual—that this may be the year that tops Babe Ruth's 1927 record of 60 home runs, and Mickey might be the lad to do it. Can he beat the Babe? This is certainly a season for shattering sports records, and homer-happy club owners have done their bit by pulling in their outfield fences. With such help and such a hot start (at week's end nine

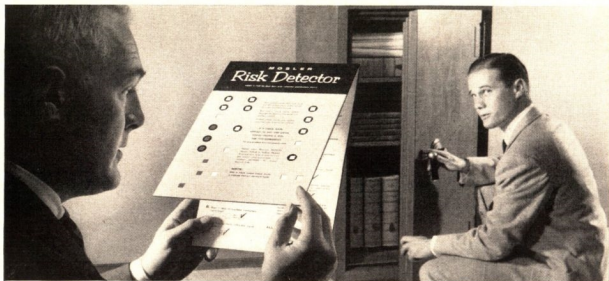


United Press
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games ahead of Ruth's 1927 pace). Mantle looks like the man to cross the 60-homer barrier and set the sentimentalists to keening John Kieran's farewell:

*My voice may be loud above the crowd
and my words just a bit uncouth,
But I'll stand and shout till the last
man's out: There was never a guy
like Ruth!*

The Long Voyage Home

His boyhood on a little island sheep station off the coast of New Zealand gave Adrian Hayter a lingering dislike for the sights and sounds and smells of ranching, and a long-lingering love for the sea. All through his later career as a British army officer in India and Malaya, he nourished a youthful dream that someday he would sail home in his own boat. When he retired in England seven years ago, Major Hayter, then 34, put all his savings into a sturdy nine-ton yawl, *Sheila II*, took a course in deep-sea navigation and got ready for the long voyage home.

Three Reefs. In August of 1950, Major Hayter weighed anchor at Lympington and beat his way by easy stages eastward across the Mediterranean, past Suez and down to Aden. He was in no hurry, and he was happy to pick up some spare change by ferrying Moslems across the Red Sea. In India he spent six months working ashore and saving money. Then he sailed on, past Singapore and Surabaya.

He was flat broke when he got to Australia, and the longest leg, 1,200 miles across the Tasman Sea, was still ahead. Once more Major Hayter went to work. He put in two varied years laboring as a longshoreman, crawfishing, even drew pay as a hired hand on an outback farm before his bank balance was equal to re-equipping *Sheila II*. In mid-March he stood south again until he hit the Roaring Forties, off the southwest tip of the continent. There he simply "put in three reefs and set course east."

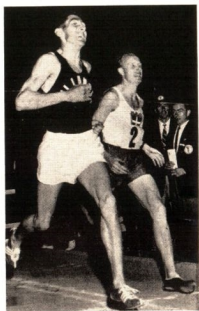
Measure of Need. At its best, the Tasman Sea is no pleasant cruising ground for yachtsmen. Crossing in autumn, Hayter ran into foul weather, saw only two days of sunshine in eleven weeks. In rough going, when he would normally have ridden out the blow hove to, he slogged ahead. He was running short of rations, had nothing but wet clothes and knew he was pitting his strength against time. He never spotted another ship. When he finally made a landfall on New Zealand's west coast near Karamea, he hoisted distress signals but no one saw them. A fortnight ago he finally found himself off Westport harbor; in desperation he prepared to tackle its rough entrance bar as soon as he had light to see.

On a cold winter's morning he made his run. *Sheila II* slogged willingly into vast combers. "It was simply terrifying," Hayter says. "She must have gone through surf at tremendous speed, and I don't know how far. I knew if I could not hold her straight I could not get her through. It was a measure of my need to get in that I tried it at all."

Safe in Westport's lagoon, Major Hayter now plans to settle down at last and record his adventures in a book. As he talked of his voyage, the onetime staff officer allowed himself to boast only of his efficient staff work. A long five years and nine months out of England, he had miscalculated only once: when he ran out of food on the last two days of the last lap across the Tasman Sea.

Scoreboard

¶ After eating the dust of John Landy and Jim Bailey while those two Aussies ran better-than-four-minute miles last month, Ireland's Ron Delany developed a taste for speed himself. Carefully pacing himself on the fast track at Compton, Calif., the Villanova sophomore kicked past Denmark's Gunnar Nielsen in the stretch and clocked a neat 3:59 flat. He had it all timed so nicely that he pulled



Associated Press
MILER DELANY BEATING NIELSEN

Two under four.

Nielsen past the four-minute barrier with him. Nielsen's time: 3:59.1.

¶ Bulge-upholstered Paul Anderson, the 325-lb. strongman from Toccoa, Ga., played around with the big bar bell at the National A.A.U.'s weight-lifting championships and casually picked a total of 1,175 lbs. off the floor to set a new world record, broke two other marks in the process. Anderson's performance: 335 lbs. in the snatch, 440 lbs. in the clean and jerk. He pressed only 400 lbs., just missing his own record of 405 lbs.

¶ Keeping up the clever, carefully planned tennis that has made her virtually unbeatable since she started her foreign tour last fall, the U.S.'s Althea Gibson (TIME, June 4) staved off a last-set rally by Britain's Anne Shillcock, won the Surrey County title at Surbiton, England, 6-3, 13-11, for her 17th victory of the international campaign, her eighth in a row.

TIME, JUNE 11, 1956



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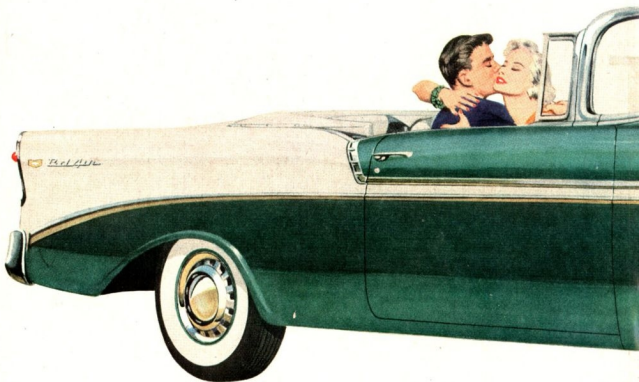
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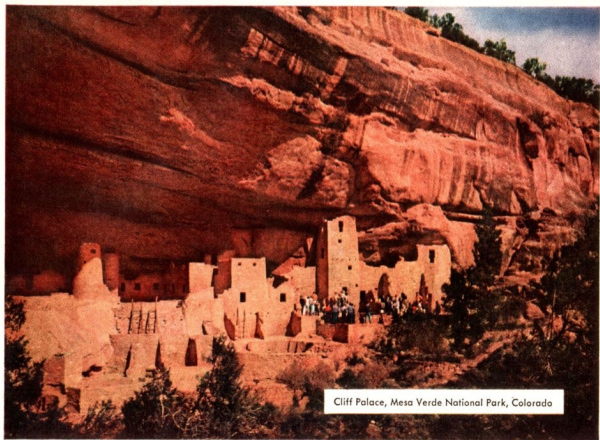


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SINCLAIR

A Great Name in Oil

EDUCATION

Parnassus, Coast to Coast

[See Cover]

What does it mean to be an intellectual in the U.S.? Is he really in such an unhappy plight as he sometimes thinks—the ridiculed double-dome, the egghead, the wild-eyed, absent-minded man who is made to feel an alien in his own country?

Ever since World War II, U.S. intellectuals have, as never before, been debating these questions. But in the course of the debate, one note has been struck time and time again, and no one has sounded it more clearly than Historian Jacques Barzun of Columbia University. If there is a traditional distrust of ideas in the U.S., says Barzun, the nation's men of ideas have still "won recognition in tangible ways beyond any previous group of their peers." And more important, many have come at last to realize that they are true and proud participants in the American Dream.

Thus, Barzun warns, those who continue to grumble at America are merely singing a worn-out tune. "They forget that the true creator's role, even in its bitterest attack, is to make us understand or endure life better. Our intellectuals do neither when they entice us to more self-contempt."

Whose Fault? The grumblers have not always grumbled without cause. But they have so distorted the picture that it would sometimes seem that the intellectual is America's hopeless Displaced Person. He is not only supposed to be the man that Senator McCarthy is after; he is also supposed to be the man that the rest of the nation persistently chooses to ignore or scorn. Diplomat George Kennan has said: "I can think of few countries in the world where the artist, the writer, the composer

or the thinker is held in such general low esteem as he is here in our country."

Such sweeping charges have brought equally sweeping countercharges. French Dominican Raymond-Leopold Bruckberger says that the present plight of the U.S. intellectual is largely "the fault of the American intellectuals themselves. . . . The American intellectual often tends to say that his country has failed him. . . . I wonder if the contrary is not true. Perhaps the American intellectual has failed his country, and perhaps he is more deeply missed than is at first apparent. When the intellectual turns his back on his country, his place remains empty—while he complains that he has no place at all."

Symbols & Tags. Though almost as old as the nation, the cries of anti-intellectualism from one side and anti-Americanism from the other seem to be dominant themes in the postwar era. If the symbol of the '20s was the disgruntled intellectual who went to live in Europe, the present symbol—to the pessimists, at least—is the disgruntled intellectual who has stayed at home because he has no other place to go. The crusading muckraker, the flamboyant expatriate, the dedicated brain-truster—all these convenient tags are gone. While the European intellectual goes about his traditional business and enjoys traditional respect, the American sometimes feels that he is the forgotten man. He seems to have little to say, and even when he does, he is supposed to be so intimidated that he dare not say it.

To this portrait of the American intellectual in 1956, Jacques Barzun is the living contradiction. If he is not the typical American intellectual—for no such person exists—he represents a growing host of men of ideas who not only have the respect of the nation, but who return the compliment. Born in France into a family of long academic tradition, he has known at firsthand the cultures of both the Old World and the New, and while still a student at Columbia University, he decided to cast his lot with the New. Today, standing in the front rank of U.S. historians, he has also won a reputation as a perceptive commentator on the American scene. As such, he poses a question that sheds light both on the intellectual's strange status in America and on America's position in history. "Can it be true," he asks, "that in attempting to keep open house for all mankind, we have lost our birthright, squandered our intellectual heritage, so that Americanization is tantamount to barbarization? Or is it possible that modern civilization is something new, incommensurable with the old, just like the character of the American adventure itself?"

Protest & Affirmation. That this sense of the American adventure has become something of a preoccupation is a telling characteristic of America's postwar men of ideas. Their tone may be subdued, but their apparent lack of passion does not mean any lack of concern for America's



RAYMOND-LEOPOLD BRUCKBERGER

destiny. The Man of Protest has to some extent given way to the Man of Affirmation—and that happens to be the very role that the intellectual played when the nation was new. It was such American intellectuals as Jefferson and Franklin who wanted to put the age of reason into political practice. It was Poet Joel Barlow who sang of America: "Sun of the moral world! . . . here assume thy stand / And radiate hence to every distant land." It was Philosopher Emerson who urged the American scholar to fashion something new. "We have listened too long," said he, "to the courtly muses of Europe. . . . We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds."

Mixing pride with blunt arrogance, America's early intellectuals wanted America to set an example for the whole world. And as they spoke and wrote, they themselves sounded the first notes of the theme of anti-intellectualism that was to run through all U.S. history. America, they declared, should be the land of the "common man." "If reason is a universal faculty," said Historian George Bancroft, "the universal decision is the nearest criterion of truth. The common mind . . . is the sieve which separates error from certainty." The young nation had little appetite for theory, and the intellectuals had little desire to furnish it. "Books," said Emerson, "are for the scholar's idle times." What America should be concerned with, said Walt Whitman, was "the duties of today, the lessons of the concrete."

"O Remnant Enslaved!" In the land that he helped to build, the intellectual gradually began to feel that he was talking only to himself. The "duties of today" were taken over by the practical men, and the best that the nation could do officially for the intellectual was to send Washington Irving as minister to Spain,



GEORGE KENNAN

James Russell Lowell to England and Hawthorne as consul in Liverpool. The Robber Barons, who were the modern Medici, imported European treasures by the boatload, but Henry Adams found America "mortgaged to the railways." Henry James fled to Europe, and in 1913 Ezra Pound gloomily wrote of America's artists: "O helpless few in my country, O remnant enslaved!"

After World War I some of the enslaved looked for emancipation abroad. "You are all," Gertrude Stein said, "a lost generation." But even the sober homebodies found reason to feel disenchanted. There they were, says Philosopher Arthur E. Murphy of the University of Washington, fighting for The People against the Vested Interests, and the people blandly sent Warren G. Harding to the White House.

It was not until the '30s, when the practical men fell from their high place with such a thud, that the intellectual seemed to come into his own. But war and prosperity brought the practical men back, and the nation's band of intellectuals seemed to be tuning up for another song of despair. While Joe McCarthy was running amuck, a few did lose their heads, but the McCarthy flurry only tended to obscure one central fact. Far from repeating the attitudes of the '20s, the American intellectual stayed at home and even found himself feeling at home. His perennial problem has been to reconcile himself to a society that has always refused to accord him—or anyone else—the special regard given his European counterpart. "This," says Chairman Leslie Fiedler of Montana State University's English department, "is a period of recapitulation, a summing up. The intellectual is taking stock of himself."

The Sinister Ones. What are some of the problems that the intellectual now faces? The most obvious is the vast complexity of modern knowledge itself. Today's thinkers speak in many tongues, not always understood by each other. This is a part of the intellectual's plight, for, says Physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer, "if people can't tell what learned folk are up to, they may regard them as sinister." Unlike France, America has no intellectual café society, no small "mandarin" coterie to look to. "There is," says Philosopher Theodore Greene, "no headquarters and no head, no corporate momentum or co-operation among intellectuals. We haven't had a philosopher who pretended to know all there was to know since Hegel. The only adequate successor to Hegel would be a committee."

In other nations the problem of communication is not so acute. In England, says British Historian D. W. Brogan, "everybody above a certain level knows everyone else. Perhaps 100,000 people or less hold all the great jobs. They are all intellectuals. There is a unified group at the top. Everyone gravitates to London." This group—"the establishment"—runs

the Commonwealth, and the people seem perfectly willing that it should do so. But not in the U.S. Says Co-Editor Irving Kristol of *Encounter*: "The Americans don't respect the intellectual the way he is respected in Britain. But then, they don't respect anyone, not even Charlie Wilson. The English, on the other hand, are a deferential society, as Bagehot said. They'll defer to dukes or earls or anyone with the right tie round his neck. So they defer to the intellectual because he has generally got the right tie round his neck."

I Ain't One. Without the proper tie, the American intellectual is hard to identify. He does not gravitate to any one city, nor does he bear the stamp of any particular university or have his roots in any particular country. He may be a maverick genius like Architect Frank Lloyd Wright, or a state Supreme Court chief justice who, like New Jersey's Arthur T. Vanderbilt, especially has devoted his talents to improving the courts. He may be doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief—or a physicist like George Gamow, who will explode: "Intellectual? Intellectualism? I don't know what you're talking about!" Indeed, one of the difficulties in tagging the U.S. intellectual is his own resistance to the tag. It is quite characteristic of America that Nobel Prizewinning Novelist William Faulkner should declare, with a hint of pride: "I ain't no intellectual."

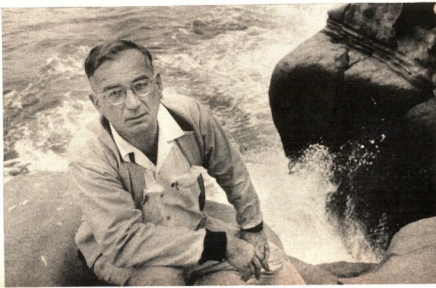
Actually, says Philosopher Sidney Hook, from his point of view, "there is no distinction between being an intellectual and being intelligent." And it may be fortunate that the intellectuals of America do not form a distinct group. "In the past, resentment against intellectuals was sometimes harbored by ordinary people—directed against the social status of the intellectual, rather than against his function as an independent thinker. I would count lawyers as a class of intellectuals sometimes distrusted by the people. Physicians, on the other hand, were never distrusted because their function came before their social status." Even the intellectual's least controversial role, as custodian of the heritage, is taken lightly in America because, says Poet W. H. Auden, "American cul-

ture is committed to the future." The fact is, adds Historian Daniel Boorstin of the University of Chicago, that the U.S. has never produced intellectuals in the European sense. "A great deal of the wailing heard is derived from a European notion of the role of the intellectual. Those who attack U.S. culture are really saying: 'Why aren't we more like Western Europe?'"

Quite Irrelevant. In the 1950s, the American intellectual began to face one additional problem. If in public affairs the intellectuals seem to have so little effect today, says Social Scientist David Riesman, it is "rather more by their own feelings of inadequacy and failure than by direct intimidation." In the '30s, the intellectual had a politico-social program to offer. But the "discontented classes" have risen, and though still discontent, their wants, says Riesman, "are much less easily formulated . . . They must continually seek for reasons explaining their unrest—and the reasons developed by intellectuals for the benefit of previous proletariats are of course quite irrelevant."

To a large extent, therefore, the men of ideas have been merely cultivating their own gardens. Instead of one mission, they have many: they live as both a part of society and apart from it. The artist's fate, says Critic Edmund Wilson, is like that of Philoctetes, the Greek warrior who was forced to live in isolation because of the stench of his wound, but whose comrades kept coming back to him because they needed his magic bow. So it has been with the intellectual to whom the nation goes for the expert's answer, and otherwise tends to leave alone. For what Poet Auden calls an "age of anxiety," the many-tongued intellectuals do not agree on panaceas.

Fall of a Hero. In such an age, is there nothing on which American intellectuals can pin their collective faith? Certainly not on the easy "liberalism" of the past, for this has proved completely inadequate. The U.S., says Leslie Fiedler, has passed through "an age of innocence," when the intellectual, in his role as critic, performed only half his function. "It was easy," says Fiedler, "for intellectuals to criti-



GEORGE GAMOW

cize the black reactionaries and the Ya-hoos, but the intellectual's duty was to do more than that—to criticize the enlightened people, to criticize his own side." The dogma of liberalism was that the liberal could do no wrong, and for some the day of disillusionment came only with the fall of Alger Hiss, when it became "impossible any longer to believe that . . . the liberal is *per se* the hero."

With that hero gone, a few intellectuals like Historian Russell Kirk have tried to rehabilitate the conservative mind. Others have set to work redefining liberalism. Critic Lionel Trilling attacked the liberal idea that the only true reality is "material reality, hard, resistant, unformed, impenetrable, and unpleasant." It was this idea that kept so many liberals at perpetual war with respectable society, that led them to exalt Theodore Dreiser for his apparent social conscience and to forgive that conscience when he joined the Communist Party. "This is the liberal criticism," said Trilling, "which establishes the social responsibility of the writer and then goes on to say that, apart from his duty of resembling reality as much as possible, he is not really responsible for anything, not even for his ideas."

Meanwhile, other men of ideas found other banners to rally around. Theologian Reinhold Niebuhr condemned the liberal reformers for having ignored the fact of original sin, and declared that man's destiny is to "seek after an impossible victory and to adjust himself to an inevitable defeat." In his *The Public Philosophy*, Journalist Walter Lippmann denounced the "Jacobin heresy" of the modern democracies, which insists that the New Man will be born out of his emancipation from authority. What is needed, said Lippmann, is a return to the idea of natural law, for with the disappearance of this public philosophy—"and of a consensus on the first and last things—there was opened up a great vacuum in the public mind, yawning to be filled."

Of all America's men of ideas, Theologian Paul Tillich is perhaps alone in commanding among his fellow intellectuals something that approaches awe. His has been the most systematic effort to prove that faith and doubt are necessary to each other, and that "to live serenely and courageously in these tensions and to discover finally their ultimate unity in the depths of our own souls and in the depth of the divine life is the task and the dignity of human thought."

Brother Babbitt. Thus have the winds of doctrine blown, each attracting its own set of followers. But for a large number of intellectuals, the outstanding basis of faith, the one standard with a truly universal appeal, is not any school of thought, but America herself. "An avowed aloofness from national feeling," Lionel Trilling says, "is no longer the first ceremonial step into the life of thought . . . For the first time in the history of the modern American intellectual, America is not to be conceived of as *a priori* the vulgar and stupidest nation of the world."

Indeed, says Historian Crane Brinton,

the alienation of intellectuals may be a thing of the past. "They really share, at bottom, the faith of their fellows . . . Some of these intellectuals despair—though by no means quietly—simply because they have heard talk of despair. Many of them, if you catch them unaware, look as if they were enjoying their unhappiness, and not merely enjoying their unhappiness. In fact . . . it begins to look nowadays in our perspective as if Sinclair Lewis and George F. Babbitt were brothers, under the skin."

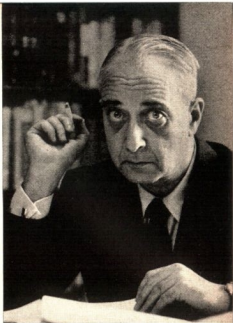
This change, says Biographer Newton (Herman Melville) Arvin, was probably inevitable. "The culture we so fondly cherish is now disastrously threatened from without, and the truer this becomes, the intenser becomes the awareness of our necessary identification with it." In any case, says Jacques Barzun, by the end of World War II "it was no disgrace, no provincialism, to accept America and admire it . . . America . . . was quite simply the world power, which means: the center of world awareness: it was Europe that was provincial."

The Seedbed. Few men have been more eloquent on the subject of America than Jacques Barzun, and he got to his present position by his own intellectual route. The son of the literary scholar, Henri Martin Barzun, he spent his boyhood among some of the foremost artists around Paris. Novelists Jules Romains and Georges Duhamel were constant visitors, so were Artists Fernand Léger, Albert Gleizes and Marcel Duchamp. "It was," says Barzun, "a seedbed of modernism. Apollinaire dangled me on his knee. Marie Laurencin did a sketch of me."

Coming from such a home, young Barzun seemed destined for a scholar's career. He was allowed to read whatever books he could reach in his father's library, and when his school decided to try to solve the World War I teacher shortage by using the famous Lancaster system (employing older pupils to teach the younger ones), nine-year-old Jacques got a crack at his first class. "All I remember about it," says he, "is that it had to do with arithmetic and that the room seemed filled with thousands of very small children in black aprons . . . It served, however, to apprentice me to my trade."

Two-Way Exodus. In 1917, Henri Martin Barzun came to the U.S. on a diplomatic mission, but when the time came to go home he decided to stay. While America's lost generation looked for a spiritual home abroad, scores of French scholars and artists sought refuge in America from the wave of cynicism sweeping over Europe. After a stay in Britain, young Jacques arrived in the U.S. "in ridiculous short pants and ignorant of baseball." But he was ready to enter college at 15½. The college he chose was Columbia. "To anyone from Europe, Columbia was *the* American university. Nicholas Murray Butler had made that quite clear to Europe."

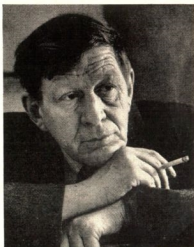
It was a golden age on Morningside Heights. There was the vigorous historian, Carleton Hayes, F. J. E. Woodbridge with



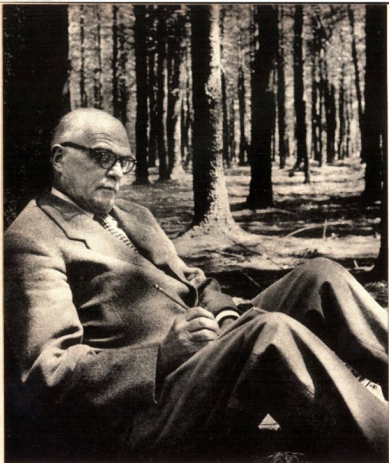
LIONEL TRILLING



PAUL TILlich



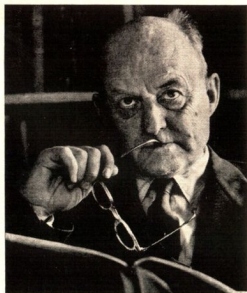
W. H. AUDEN



THORNTON WILDER

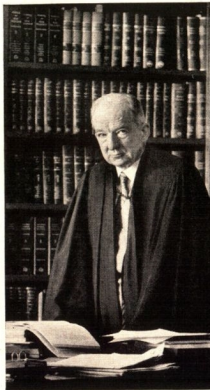
One of the most erudite of U.S. authors, the three-time Pulitzer Prize-winner, here at work in the woods

near Saratoga Springs, N.Y., is one of the rare American examples of the artist and intellectual combined.



REINHOLD NIEBUHR

A philosopher of paradox, Niebuhr proclaims the existence of an Absolute, standing above and outside history, which man can never adequately know but must not ignore.



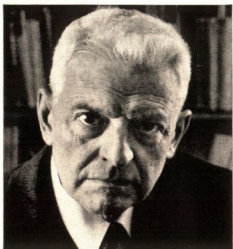
ARTHUR T. VANDERBILT

Having built up New York University's law school, Chief Justice Vanderbilt of New Jersey has brought swiftness and efficiency to his state's former judicial jungle.

WALTER LIPPMANN

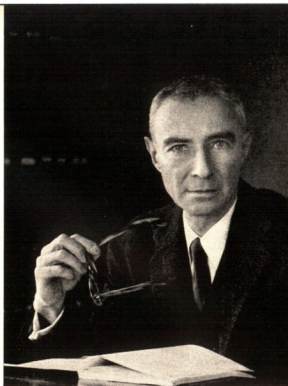
In his Washington, D.C. study, the durable sage of the Potomac mixes scholarship with journalism to produce one of the nation's most learned syndicated columns.





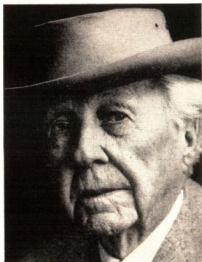
SUMNER SLICHTER

This lucid Harvard economist, consultant to the nation on trade unionism and the business cycle, coined the phrase "laboristic economy" for American capitalism.



J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER

Famed for his work on the quantum theory and nuclear physics, and war service on the A-bomb, Oppenheimer has proved himself as much humanist as scientist, heads the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, N.J.



FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

"Neither custom nor habit of imitation," says this crusading architect, "exist in the world of the spirit. There, man's faith in himself—alone—has credit."



SIDNEY HOOK

Down-to-earth defender of academic freedom, Philosopher Hook clips his way through the morning papers on his Brooklyn rooftop before going off to classes at New York University.





RUSSELL KIRK

his "angry impersonations of the world's philosophers," John Dewey with his "bagpipe drone," John Erskine with his "princely introductions to the poets"—as well as a cluster of such talented younger men as Mark Van Doren, Mortimer Adler and Irwin Edman. To help pay his bills, Barzun and some friends ran a "perfectly legal and honest tutoring mill" called Ghosts Inc. "No subjects were barred. If a retired minister came who wanted to read *Hamlet* in Esperanto (one did), we supplied an instructor who spoke the language like a native." In 1927, at the time of his graduation, Barzun stood at the top of his class.

Least Luxurious Club. He has stayed at Columbia ever since, rising through the Ph.D. treadmill ("The most expensive and least luxurious club in the world") and then through the ranks to his present position as dean of the graduate faculties. A tall, slender, willowy man of 48, he remains what he has always been—a brilliant, courtly, unruddish scholar whose whole life seems to be his work. Few besides his most intimate friends have met his wife, the former Mariana Lowell of Boston, or been inside his book-filled apartment in Manhattan's East 80s, or met his nine-year-old daughter Isabel, or two sons, James 16, and Roger 14. A prodigious reader and prolific writer, Barzun has seen fit to arrange his routine with an almost classic precision. But this is something of a paradox, for Barzun's chief interest as a cultural historian has been not classicism, but romanticism.

It was in William James that he found the pluralistic philosophy that has guided him all his life. To James, says Barzun, "something is true, not because it has been repeated often, not because someone in authority has said it . . . not because it has been deduced from an infallible generality; but because it leads as accurately as possible to the kind of result that we have in mind." But there was

another aspect to James, the romantic pragmatist, that Barzun also adopted as his own. "Real culture," said the philosopher, "lives by sympathies and admiration, not by dislikes and disdains."

In all his historical studies, culminating in his massive biography of Berlioz (*Berlioz and the Romantic Century*), and in his observations of America* (*Teacher in America, God's Country and Mine, Music in American Life*) Barzun has never wavered in his refusal to disdain. But his great admiration has been reserved chiefly for the romanticists of the 19th century. These men, said he, were not the sentimental escapists that modern realists have painted, nor were they the children of chaos that admirers of classicism describe. They were idealists and individualists trying to build a new world after the fall of Napoleon signaled the collapse of the old. "Romanticism . . . implies not only risk, effort, energy; it implies also creation, diversity, and individual genius. This is why America is the land of romanticism par excellence, and why her greatest philosopher, William James, asserted the doctrine in its fullness against all absolute, classical limits."

The Innocents. Like history, says Barzun, America is "many men, many minds." It has neither a permanent social class, nor a definable intellectual class. In a sense, the American intellectual is "a man who carries a briefcase. . . . From the progressive schoolboy doing a 'research project' to the Ground Safety Officer of an airbase who has to post accurate warnings about sunstroke and heat exhaustion, we intellectuals . . . are incessantly boning up on something, 'getting the facts,' writing them down, breaking out in print. Parnassus stretches from coast to coast."

Actually, this admiration for facts and the accompanying suspicion of theory is the basis of American anti-intellectualism. But a "deafness to doctrine" has brought its own rewards. "It is attention to practice and indifference to overarching beliefs that guarantee our innocence. . . . We are innocent because we have been—we still are—too busy to brood."

The Privileged Crowd. What has America been so busy about? Nothing less, says Barzun, than the creation of a new civilization. It is a civilization of multitudes, for America "was a community enterprise from the start." It is, too, much more than a nation. "We have here a complete Europe—Swedes cheek by jowl with Armenians, Hungarians with Poles, Germans with French. . . . As for our living philosophy, it is not the metaphysics of sorrow and tragedy but the ethics of equality." While individuals may rise to fame and distinction, privilege in general "has passed to the crowd."

Materialism, bigotry and vulgarity all play their part. But one fact about America is far greater than any of its defects.

Its population is all mankind—and so is its mission. "We face all types of misery and misfitness and proclaim that they are all equally entitled to our help, because mankind is what we aim to save." This "is at last moral philosophy in action." But it is also a religious idea—the "inclusive fatherhood of God. The fact that with us 'the people' means everybody is what distinguishes us historically."

Revelation of Hope. And what of the intellectual in a land where privilege has passed to the crowd? The intellectual's true vocation, says Philosopher Sidney Hook, "is critical independence. The intellectual betrays his vocation when he becomes a poet laureate of the status quo. The criterion is neither assent nor conformity. . . . My experience has been that most so-called intellectuals are just as conformist to tradition in their immediate circle as the nonintellectuals. Many intellectuals would rather 'die' than agree with the majority, even on the rare occasions when the majority is right." Certainly, says Barzun, the intellectual has little cause to complain: never before has he had quite such a variety of backers—"the museums of modern art, the foundation patronage, the universities eager to be baffled, and the leagues of women armed with print to defend this or that 'ism.'" "There is room in America," adds Philosopher T. V. Smith, "for all kinds of intelligence and for rewards befitting each kind. But those who sit on the Left Bank and howl at the Right neither facilitate the flow of the river nor adorn their own bank as the river flows by. Here, as elsewhere, it is only those who know not what to trust that trust they know not what."

One thing to trust, says Philosopher Mortimer Adler, "is that the most important fact of the 20th century is the industrial revolution in the U.S. It is a most hopeful revolution, even if for the time being, the distraction with production is bad for culture. In the long run, the new industrialization will produce an aristocratic society for the millions. We can produce Rome for the millions, or Athens for the millions. We can make a great intellectual society, or produce circuses if we want to. We have our choice. The intellectual should not be weeping; he should be planning."

But in 1956, it would seem, the intellectual has ceased weeping. He is, in fact, closer than ever before to assuming the role he originally played in America as the critical but sympathetic—and wholly indispensable—bearer of America's message. Scott Fitzgerald, says Jacques Barzun, put that message in an epigram: "America is a willingness of the heart." After his death, a hundred thousand more Europeans, forlorn, fleeing wanderers, found out what he meant. To us who came before them, the meaning is not fainter, though more familiar, and we scarcely need Emerson's gentle reminder and advice: "The ear loves names of foreign and classic topography. But here we are, and if we tarry a little, we may come to learn that here is best."

* Other Barzun books: *The French Race, Race: A Study in Modern Superstition, Of Human Freedom, Darwin, Marx, Wagner, Romanticism and the Modern Ego, Pleasures of Music.*

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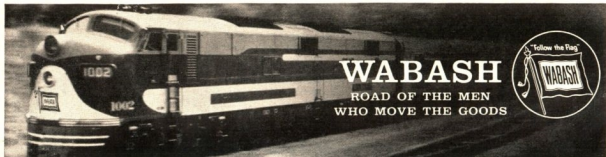
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Arthur K. Atkinson



MUSIC

Trial by Music

The musical world has no obstacle course so packed with tortures, traps and terrors as Brussels' Queen Elisabeth *Concours*.* Last month 59 young, healthy pianists from 20 countries turned up to compete for world renown. By last week a dozen enervated ghosts were left to ache up to the piano and venture the stipulated "transcendental difficulties" of the *Concours* finals (TIME, June 6, 1955). The requirements: one short solo piece, one undesignated concerto and—to assure transcendental difficulty—a more unpublished concerto by Brussels' René Defosse. The finalists were bundled into the

chase Brahms's *Concerto No. 2* for his big selection, playing it stunningly, and he was the first finalist to bring order out of the Defosse chaos. Czajkowski reminded observers of Chopin (he is attractive to women and prefers composing to playing) and amused them with his jokes. But his playing was no joke to his intense competitors.

The finalists finished up at the rate of two a night. Each night, haggard but happy, the contestants went through a ritual, solemnly crossing the silverware at the places of the two absent finalists who were performing that night, sticking a knife into an erect piece of bread at each place and turning the chairs upside



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At the dinner table, two chairs were upside down.

comfortable Chapelle Musicale and told they had a week in which to learn the strange new work.

Two Russians entered the piano contest for the first time since the war—highly skilled and even more highly touted. One was Lazar Berman, 26, whose performance in the eliminations got rave reviews ("a stormy and sometimes savage nature but with absolutely sensational qualities"). Berman practiced from 9 a.m. to midnight, with time out for meals, went to bed with bleeding fingertips. He thought he played his final concert "rather well. But I always feel I played less well than I could." The second, Vladimir Ashkenazy, 18, who "stupefied" a critic with his technique and profound insight and his colleagues by memorizing the Defosse in two days. Other front-runners in the final twelve were Denver-born John Browning, 23, and Poland's Andrzej Czajkowski (pronounced Tchaikovsky?), 20. On the advice of Manhattan's Leon Fleischer, who won the last piano *Concours*, Browning

down. At week's end, at last they filed onto the stage, where they heard the verdict of the 13-member panel of judges (including Pianists Artur Schnabel, Robert Casadesu, Emil Gilels). The winners: first Ashkenazy, second Browning, third Czajkowski.

The Liutai

The violin is a thin, hollow wooden box with a long neck, a body shaped like a figure eight, and a capacity for more subtlety of expression than any other orchestral instrument. It was perfected in Italy in the 17th and 18th centuries by craftsmen of the Amati, Stradivari and Guarneri families. Others have been trying to duplicate their masterpieces of workmanship ever since.

Last week in Genoa some 2,000 visitors passed through the austere Villa Doria, examining and occasionally touching 189 graceful and lustrous stringed instruments, including one cello, 16 violas, 171 violins. The oldest was a small, ornamented Gas-

paro da Salò, dated 1609; the most famous was Paganini's own powerful Guarneri del Gesù, given to him (by a wealthy Leghorn merchant) on the condition that nobody else would ever perform on it; the most prevalent were modern models patterned closely after Stradivari designs. Because of their popularity among wealthy foreign fiddlers, there were no Strads at all available for the exhibit.

Secret Formulas. Most experts agree that there are plenty of modern fiddles every bit as fine as the finest Strad. Says one *liutai* (literally, lute-maker): "I cannot tell you the names of my clients because they always claim to be playing a Stradivarius." In Italy alone there are some 120 *liutai*, amateur and pro, who turn out from three to six instruments a year and sell them for as much as \$600 each.* Among the best known are the four Bisiach brothers of Milan and Florence. Rome's Politi family, Milan's Luigi Ornati and Ferdinando Garimberti.

Like their forebears', the violinmakers' first problem is finding the right wood. Some of it comes from the Italian Tyrol, some from the beams of 16th century buildings—fir for resonant belly and side walls, hard maple for back, neck and scroll. It is seasoned for 25 to 300 years. Testing for quality, the fathers twisted and tapped the wood as they worked it; their sons now listen with electronic ears and compute its acoustical properties. The instrument is put together with glue—also mixed for its resonant qualities—and at that point it is as mechanically perfect as it will ever be. But it will only last a few years unless protected by varnish—and the varnish, despite its unique softness and nonpenetrating qualities, destroys some resonance. Almost all *liutai* have secret varnish formulas.

No Telling. The U.S., too, has its *liutai*. Standouts: Wisconsin's Carl Becker, Philadelphia's Willard Moennig & Son, Manhattan's Simone Sacconi. It also has such well-grounded amateurs as New York's Norman Pickering, who makes stringed instruments when he is not developing fine components for high-fidelity machines. By use of electronic devices, he has isolated dozens of "resonance systems" which give violins their unique sound. To work out his finished instruments' initial "tightness" of tone, he uses a mechanical generator that vibrates the bridge. But most professionals simply get students to play the fiddles until limber. Some experts believe it is not the sheer age of a fiddle so much as continual playing that mellows it.

The best modern violins have all the qualities of a fine Strad: instant response, no dead spots in the range from bottom to top, no perceptible difference in quality from string to string, a potentially sweet, powerful tone, and visual beauty. Despite all this, fiddlers often will not like the finished instruments, or if they do, they may not play them in public. Explained

* Held one year for violinists, one for pianists, one for composers, with an intermission every fourth year.

* Contestants Hiroko Kashu of Japan, Stanislav Knor of Czechoslovakia, Tamas Vasary and Peter Frankl of Hungary.

* There are probably 600 Strads still functioning. They bring up to \$65,000 each; the rarer Guarneri can bring as much.



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Russia's David Oistrakh to William Moening Jr. during his U.S. visit: "I'd love to play one of your violins in my concerts, but I must use a Strad. Otherwise, if I made a mistake, people would blame it on the instrument."

Pop Records

Carmen (Andy Griffith; Capitol). The slow-talking star of *No Time for Sergeants* does one of his wide-eyed explanations, this time of grand opera. The singers, he draws, are high-priced and have "high roofs to their mouths." As for Carmen, she's "looking at this 'E-camilla' like she was stuck on him, and you can see why . . . because he's a rare spowart. He lives about as far up town as you can get."

The Come Back (Peggy Lee; Decca). A rocking blues that turns out to be really blue. Wonderful Peggy starts out confidently, but quickly sinks into a throat-catching mood, using a high, thin voice of ultimate sadness. "Hold out, baby," she keens. "I'll be back one day."

Ella Fitzgerald Sings the Cole Porter Song Book (Verve, 2 LPs). Thirty-two sophisticated songs, sweet, hot and tough, sung with the utmost simplicity by the queen of popular singers. The Fitzgerald method, in her own words, is to "just sing," and at least half of her poignance comes from the fact that she sings right in the heart of the note (instrumentalists like to say they tune up to her notes). Strangely enough, she can breathe right in the middle of a phrase and get away with it—a nice way of suggesting that she is not so sophisticated as the songs.

Hart Brake Motel (Homer and Jethro; RCA Victor). The funnymen from the hills take off from Elvis Presley's *Heart-break Hotel* in a red-hot tin lizzie. "My room it was so small," one of them croaks, that "ever'time I tried to smile my teeth would touch the wall." No more vulgar than the prototype.

Ivory Tower (Gale Storm; Dot). Another waltz in the rinky-dink style that seems to go with the rock-'n'-roll idiom. The simple-minded but bestselling message: "It's cold, so cold, in your ivory tower, and warm, so warm in my arms."

The Quest for Bridey Hammerschlaugen (Stan Freberg; Capitol). A parody of the well-publicized hypnotic journey into previous incarnations to search for Bridey Murphy. This Bridey declares she lives outside Rome in 200 A.D., and is an usherette at the Colosseum. And she has a hot tip: put a bundle on Ben Hur in the fifth.

Second Fiddle (Kay Starr; RCA Victor). A thrush with powerful pipes tells how she got her present fella because both were castoffs. From her unhappy tone, Kay seems uncertain that this is the best reason to set up housekeeping.

Taking a Chance on Love (Helen Forrest; Capitol). A popular songbird of the swing era who starred with the Goodman, Shaw and James bands, Forrest, after a long time in the woods, swings back in fine condition. She sounds smoother and more confident; she still has plenty of life and the same sweetly nasal voice.



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RELIGION

The Commissioners

The Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. (Northern) last week proposed one way of replacing talk about racial integration with deeds. Meeting in Philadelphia, the 910 Commissioners (delegates) of the 168th General Assembly overwhelmingly passed a recommendation that all Christian churchgoers with houses for sale should offer them to "all qualified purchasers without regard to race." Studies of the effect on property values of Negroes moving into white communities, according to the Presbyterian Standing Committee on Social Education and Action, show that a decline in value is not inevitable, and that in many cases property values rise. Pastors of the 8,282 Northern Presbyterian Churches were urged to form "covenants of open occupancy" among their congregations, designed to "stem the tendency toward panic selling and stabilize their neighborhoods on a nonsegregated basis."

Movie Morality

One of 36 Jesuits who will be ordained in the Roman Catholic priesthood at New York's Fordham University next week is Avery R. Dulles, 37, youngest son of Presbyterian John Foster Dulles, U.S. Secretary of State. In the current issue of the Jesuit weekly *America*, Convert Dulles turns a well-honed mind to the 22-year-old National Legion of Decency, the Catholic agency for screening and grading movies for their moral content.

The movie ratings published by the Legion of Decency (A-I, unobjectionable for general patronage; A-II, for adults only; B, objectionable in part; C, condemned) have not, Dulles points out, the force of ecclesiastical law, as does the Index of Forbidden Books. The legion's recommendations are designed merely to help Catholics form their own consciences about what movies to see. But movie-going is "no exception to the general principle that before we perform an act we must assure ourselves that we are not committing sin . . . The mere fact that I could probably attend a given picture without falling into sin would not, then, be a sufficient justification for going."

Catholic consciences had best be formed outside the theater, warns Jesuit Dulles, otherwise it may be too late. "It would not be enough to resolve to leave in case you found yourself severely tempted. By that time you would already have incurred a serious danger of interiorly yielding to temptation, and the seeds of future temptation would already be implanted in your soul. Granted the normal tendencies of human nature, it is unlikely that an individual would be strong-minded enough to prevent these evils by leaving the theater as soon as the first signs of danger appeared." Anyone who is certain he will not be tempted by a given picture is morally free to attend it. "But," says Dulles, "there is need of caution here. Most

of us tend to exaggerate, rather than underestimate, our own moral strength."

There is another reason, too, why Catholics should follow Legion of Decency listings: to "increase the impact of Catholic opinion on film producers and theaters. In unity there is strength . . . The annual pledge accentuates the social dimension of the legion's purpose."

In recent years some 40% of Hollywood movies have won the Legion's A-I rating, but last year, Dulles wrote, the percentage fell below 30, and B pictures increased. State censorship boards have been greatly weakened by recent Supreme Court decisions the films may not be banned on general charges of immorality



JOHN FOSTER DULLES & SON AVERY
Inside, it may be too late.

or sacrilegiousness. "The Legion of Decency must therefore bear a heavier load in the struggle to maintain propriety . . . It is not enough for Catholics to be on guard against personal mortal sin. They must be alert to the social aspects of motion picture morality."

In Memphis last week California Evangelist Dr. Jack Shuler threw the book at Hollywood ("the best friend the brothel has"). Bible-based movies, he shouted, are "counterfeit Christianity," and movie-colony Christians like Jane Russell have acquired "the dubious ability of juggling a Bible in one hand and a cocktail glass in the other."

Up spoke stalwart Victor Mature, whose musculature has beefed up three of Hollywood's Bible epics (*Samson and Delilah*, *The Robe*, *Demetrius and the Gladiators*). "By pretending to know 'inside hot stuff' on the private lives of some stars, this man Shuler shows himself completely devoid of charity. It's a pretty un-Christian thing to do."

Buried Treasure

In all the mystery and marvel of the 2,000-year-old scrolls found nine years ago in caves near the ruins of a religious community on the Dead Sea, two scrolls shone with a special aura. For these, instead of leather or parchment, were of copper—a precious metal in those ancient times, betokening a message of highest value. Oxidized by time, the copper scrolls stubbornly withheld their secret while scientists pattered and pondered over the problem of unrolling them without crumbling them to powder.

Imaginations, scholarly and unscholarly, danced to the possibilities hidden in the copper scrolls. When British Philologist John Allegro discoursed with tantalizing assurance of parallels between the scrolls'

Teacher of Righteousness and Jesus Christ (*TIME*, April 2), scroll snobs reminded one another that Allegro, though his surmises seemed wild, had been one of the few to study the copper scrolls when they were opened (by coating them with plastic and slitting them into strips). Perhaps, they whispered, his high-wire speculations would prove to be sound after all.

Last week the secret of the copper scrolls came out. Their subject, announced the French, British and U.S. scholars who have been working on them in the Jordanian section of Jerusalem, was not spiritual at all. They were clues to buried treasure—and on a Fort Knox scale. Two hundred tons of gold and silver* were mentioned as well as a considerable cache of incense in about 60 separate hoards scattered over a 50-mile-long area from Hebron to Mount Gerizim, near Nablus.

The copper rolls were originally one sheet, rolled up in a hurry or by unskilled

* At present prices: \$204 million if all gold, \$5,320,000 if all silver.

hands which broke it at a joint into two rolls. The directions read more like the works of Captain Kidd than the Dead Sea Scrolls' Teacher of Righteousness: "In the cistern which is below the rampart, on the east side, in a place hollowed out of rock; 600 bars of silver . . . Close by, below the southern corner of the portico at Zadok's tomb, and underneath the pilaster in the exedras, a vessel of incense in pine wood and a vessel of incense in cassia wood . . . In the pit near by, towards the north, near the grave, in a hole opening to the north, there is a copy of this book with explanations, measurements and all details."

No one knows where Zadok's tomb might be, and all explanations, measurements, and other details await the finding of "this book," whatever and wherever it is. Experts, accustomed to Middle Eastern tall tales of buried treasure, are skeptical of the troves' existence—especially since the quantity is so huge. But this is not likely to keep scholars from speculating as to what an otherworldly sect of ascetics like the Essenes might be doing with such a hoard. Nor is it likely to keep treasure seekers from getting out picks and shovels and starting to dig.

The Flying Angels

When Queen Elizabeth passed out Birthday Honors last week, she awarded the Order of the British Empire to a Flying Angel. The Rev. Cyril Brown, 52, sports no wings and looks more like a white-haired Pat O'Brien than a member of the heavenly host, but the organization he runs is better known in the world's seaports and ship lanes by its nickname, the Flying Angels, than by its official title, Missions to Seamen.

The Sea for a Parish. The idea of the Flying Angels took wing one bright summer's day in 1835 when a young vacationing Anglican minister named John Ashley stood with his son looking out over the Bristol Channel. The little boy pointed to two lonely islands, Steep Holme and Flat Holme, lying far out in the haze. "How can those people go to church, Father?" he asked.

Next day John Ashley put off in a boat to find out. The fisherfolk, farmers and lighthouse keepers he found there had no church at all, and Ashley began to visit them from time to time to hold services. Then he started calling on the ships that were anchored or becalmed in the channel, and so great was the need he found that he gave up his regular church, fitted out a cutter with a chapel below decks, and made the sea his parish.

For the next 13 years until his retirement, John Ashley built up his unique work. In 1856 it became officially the Missions to Seamen and is now one of the twelve principal missionary societies of the Church of England. Today its 53 chaplains and 25 laymen operate in 80 seaports around the world.

Pork & Crimps. Their reward has not always been gratitude: one chaplain in the 1860s complained that sailors burst into raucous song in the midst of his ser-

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IN HONG KONG THIS WEEK

Here is the *S. S. President Cleveland*, all-fast at Kowloon Wharf, Hong Kong. For the moment her gay cruise crowd has vanished. Immersed in exploration of the fabulous city . . . Activity has shifted from luxurious country club lounges and sunny decks to clamoring cargo holds—teeming with men as the world's goods move one giant step closer to market . . . We stage this drama, with interesting variations, every day in one or more major world ports . . . If you're a dollar-wise traffic man or a fancy-free adventurer, better ask your Forwarder or Travel Agent about

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PEACE,



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mon and pelted him with lumps of pork rolled up in the tracts he had brought them. Ashore, many Flying Angels of earlier days got bruised knuckles and broken heads fighting the crimps who shanghaied sailors or lay in wait to fleece them.

Today their life is more peaceful. They visit hospitalized seamen, arranging such things as transfusions of rare blood, settling language and legal problems. Breaking the news of a seaman's death is a common and painful task; British shipping companies always cable the Flying Angel in a dead sailor's home port and wait until the chaplain can visit the family before sending an official cable. Wife trouble is another constant concern.

During World War II a girl came to a Flying Angel in an African port, said that she had married a British radio officer, had not heard from him and wanted a divorce. The Angel cabled the mission



MISSIONARY BROWN

From fighting crimps to troubled wives,

in Glasgow, the husband's home port, which in turn located the ship in Asia, where a third Angel sat down with the husband, helped him draft appropriate letters to his wife, which (with the African Angel's help) assured a happy ending.

The Angels do far more than answer distress signals. Seamen are prepared for confirmation, for instance, while on voyage—one lesson in one port, the next in another.

Last week, aboard a ship moored in the Thames, Missions to Seamen held its annual meeting and observed its centenary. The Rev. Cyril Brown, O.B.E., proudly totted up the last year's achievements: during the year the mission visited 57,000 ships, made 5,500 hospital calls, arranged some 12,500 entertainments, conducted nearly 13,500 religious services. And in its seven-story London headquarters alone it served seamen 61,000 meals, provided 54,000 night lodgings, and gave away 24,000 books.



An art and a craft dating from the 13th Century are used by Joseph Diano to interpret the famous Mead trade-mark in leaded and stained glass. Using both solid and flaked colors of Belgian glass, the artificer first painted designs, then kiln fired each piece for permanent fusion.



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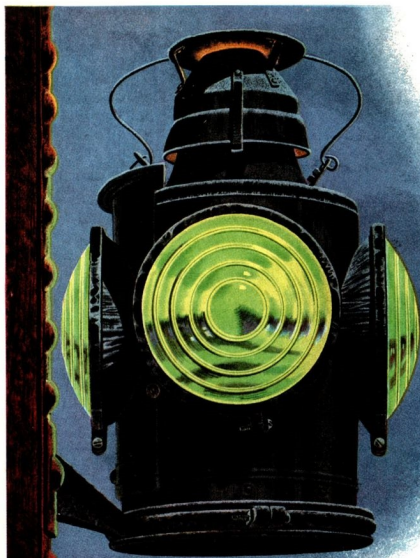
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THE PRESS

Straitjacket in Turkey

The Turkish press was fitted for an authoritarian straitjacket last week by Premier Adnan Menderes. The government quickly whipped a new press bill through its Democratic Party caucus, and a Grand National Assembly committee approved it. This week, if the Democrat-dominated Assembly passes it as expected, the new law will confront Turkish editors and publishers with a hard choice: drop all criticism of the Menderes regime or face fines up to 10,000 lire (\$3,600 at the official rate) and jail sentences up to three years.

The penalties are laid down for news-men who publish anything that the government feels lessens the Turkish public's regard for the state, its political and financial reputation. If a paper publishes or even hints at news from any meeting closed to the public, it can be shut down for as long as three months—and nobody on its staff may write for another publication during the shutdown. Persons attacked in a paper can demand twice as much space for rebuttal. Even newsboys are forbidden to shout any news that indirectly causes "doubts" about the government.

The government's motives were painfully clear. Turkey is virtually bankrupt, its foreign trade at a standstill, its people suffering from shortages that range from coal to horseshoe nails. Its lira sells at a black-market rate of about twelve to the dollar instead of the official rate of 2.80. The country's desperate plight and the government's shortcomings in coping with it have been reported fully in opposition (Republican) and independent newspapers in Istanbul and Ankara, which vigorously protested the gag. Warned Opposition Leader General Ismet İnönü, former Turkish President: "We are going toward totalitarianism." The only hope was that Turkey's newspapers, which boldly and cleverly evaded a less repressive press law of 1954, might find ways to make the new restrictions unenforceable.

No Man's Land

In France's bloody conflict in Algeria, war correspondents are running not only the occupational hazard of shot and shell but a new kind of risk. Though 350,000 French troops are committed, and the hostilities have claimed some 50,000 deaths on both sides, France does not recognize the conflict as a war. Result: a legalistic no man's land in which reporters trying conscientiously to get the Algerian side of the story by meeting with *jellagha* leaders either in Paris or Algiers put themselves at the mercy of French security and treason laws.

Last September the French government arrested Robert Barrat, wartime resistance leader and stringer correspondent for the U.S. Catholic weekly *Commonweal*. For meeting Algerian leaders and writing sympathetic stories in *France Observateur*,

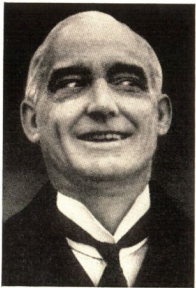


REPORTER GERARD
Liberalism v. treason.

United Press

Barrat was charged with a strange offense: "Failure to denounce crimes compromising the security of the state." The French press raised such a protest that Barrat was released provisionally. Three months ago *Newsweek's* Paris Correspondent Benjamin Bradlee was arrested and ordered to leave France for a similar offense—though he never got closer to the rebels than a taxi ride in Algiers. This time the U.S. embassy protested, and the French suspended the expulsion order.

"Birth of a Nation." Last week the government cracked down again. The victim: seasoned, fortyish Newshen



EDITOR RIDDELL (CIRCA 1930)
Crime and punishment.

Paul Thompson

Claude Gerard, a heroine of the resistance who fought alongside Robert Lacoste, now French Minister Resident in Algeria. Last month Reporter Gerard spent ten days with three rebel units in the Berber area and in western Constantine, made a forced march with them. Back in Paris, she wrote her story for the new Socialist weekly *Demain*, which generally backs Premier Guy Mollet's foreign policy but opposes him on Algeria. Staunchly anti-colonialist, the story referred to the rebels throughout as "le Maquis"—a name synonymous in France with the glory of the undercover fight against the Nazis.

The government stayed mum. Then London's weekly *Observer* interviewed Reporter Gerard for two pro-Algerian columns. Said she: "I felt I was watching the birth of a nation. I love my own country too much to blame them for loving theirs." That touched off a French police raid on her home. They ransacked her files, put her through a daylong interrogation. At one point her interrogator demanded: "Where does liberalism end and treason begin?" Then she was charged with "attack against the external security of the state and the integrity of the territory" and put in jail to await a flight to Algeria to stand trial.

Protest of 100. Again the press protested. More than 100 editors and reporters signed a protest denouncing the government for making a criminal offense of "the free exercise of the functions of a journalist." At week's end, with Claude Gerard still in the general women's prison of Paris, the government let it be known unofficially that she would not be sent to Algeria for trial. It appeared that Newshen Gerard would soon be free on the same provisional basis as Barrat, but the government still plainly held the threat of jail over any correspondent who displeases it in covering the war that is not a war.

End of an Era?

Fleet Street buzzed last week with word that a single newspaper had dropped 1,000,000 circulation. The loss left Britain's weekly *News of the World* with a circulation that still topped 7,000,000—the biggest on earth. But the size and the rate of the drop—faster than that of any other British Sunday paper—prompted one critic, Francis Williams in the weekly *New Statesman & Nation*, to signal: "It looks as if we are at last drawing towards the close of an era in Sunday journalism—the era of the *News of the World*."

What has given *News of the World* a fond place in every second British home is a simple formula: deadpan reporting of crime, from adultery to zoecrastry, in almost all the exhaustive (and libel-proof) detail of the court transcript. "We are not a sensational paper," says the paper's creed. "Sensation" means making a lot out of nothing. We give facts, simply, present all the news." Thus, in columns rife with rape, the paper never descends to such pseudo-glamorous tabloid clichés as "voluptuous" or "comely" to describe a victim; it simply tells the reader in cold detail what happened up to the stage



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Talking to the people at Chase Manhattan

Recently a customer operating a department store called on Chase Manhattan to find out how best to set up a suburban branch store.

The corporation had borrowed some years before to expand its main store but movement toward the suburbs had affected store traffic, and "occupancy cost" to the sales dollar became too high. This made it difficult to operate at a sufficient profit to maintain dividends to the stockholders, amortize the substantial mortgage on the main store, and finance the new suburban store necessary to protect the company's dominant position in its sales area.

After reviewing all the facts, Chase Manhattan's Commercial Banking Department, together with specialists in other Departments, proposed the following:

1. The sale of new capital to increase the equity in the business.
2. Rearranging the maturities and provisions of the mortgage to recognize the immediate need of cash, but taking into account the intrinsic values and eventual earning power of the business.
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where, as its reports invariably note, "an offense took place."

Dry Technique. This dry technique of telling a juicy story, marrying the British gift for understatement with the British craving for crimes of excess, was devised by a young barrister named George Riddell, who joined the paper at the turn of the century, when its circulation was 30,000. Riddell soon became managing editor, catered to other favored British tastes by adding big side dishes of sports coverage (including quarts, darts and pigeon racing) and contests, plus a light helping of political comment. "We're just like the Old Testament," Riddell told his critics. "We report crime and punishment." Riddell won a peerage, and his editor, Emsley Carr, was knighted.

The paper also won unusual tribute from a murderer. The day after his arrest in 1935 for killing two women, Dr. Buck Ruxton scribbled a note that he gave to a friend with strict orders to pass it to *News of the World* only after his death. Ruxton went to the gallows seven months later, protesting his innocence to the last. The next Sunday the paper was able to settle readers' bets as to his guilt by publishing the note—a full confession. Scotland Yard has also had reason to respect the paper's passion for finicky detail. The full published report on the inquest of a bride drowned in her bath produced letters from readers in remote spots who knew of other bathtub drownings of young women linked to the same man, George Joseph Smith. The story helped to hang him.

The Plumber Calls. But the most spectacular tribute came from the growing armies of readers. When the country's newspaper circulations were unfrozen in 1946 for the first time after World War II, *News of the World* shot up 900,000 in a single week from its 4,000,000 wartime quota. For years, hungry readers queued for it, waited for subscribers to die so they could take the place on the subscription rolls.

The paper's phenomenal growth defied not only war and depression but also the brightening face of British journalism. The 14-page *News of the World* still clings to a dingily archaic makeup, small, unimaginative headlines, and few pictures. But last week Critic Williams thought that the British public was shifting slowly at last, not to greater respectability but less: the sensation-mongering school that tells of sex and crime with loud adjectives and lush cheesecake. The leading Sunday exponent of this school, the *Sunday Pictorial* (circ. 5,539,000), is attracting readers at the fastest clip.

But there was no gloom last week at *News of the World*. Executives blamed the slump on price rises, last year's newspaper strike and the growth of Britain's TV network. Said retired Managing Editor Bertram Jones arduously: "These things happen from time to time. We do not intend to change." And the paper went on sticking to the simple facts under such simple headlines as **WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE PLUMBER CALLED.**

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ART

Dean of Sculptors

The citizens of San Antonio, Texas turned out last week in admiring tribute to the dean of U.S. sculptors, Lithuanian-born William Zorach, 69, whose massive figures have for the past four decades decorated the U.S. scene. On view at the McNay Art Institute was a retrospective showing of 27 of Zorach's sculptures, photographs of his best-known works, and 65 of his drawings and watercolors, on loan from leading U.S. museums and collectors. Editorialized the *San Antonio News*: "The most beautiful and exciting sculpture that it has ever been our happy privilege to see." The *San Antonio Express* art critic enthusiastically agreed: "The finest show of sculpture ever placed on public view in San Antonio and probably anywhere in Texas."

The celebration came as something of a consolation prize to Sculptor Zorach. One of four artists accused of past left-wing sympathies in the noisy row which greeted the traveling "Sport in Art" show in Dallas (*Time*, March 12),* he had just run into another rebuff at the hands of Texas patriots: cancellation of a \$124,755 commission for three huge sculptured aluminum panels designed for the exterior of Houston's new \$16 million Bank of the Southwest. The bank's explanation: the

* The U.S. Information Agency, which had planned to send the show to the Olympic Games, last month changed its mind, decided to settle for an exhibition of 28 color photographs that it had already sent to Australia.

sculpture was "too modern," and somehow seemed inappropriate after the Bank of the Southwest changed its name from the Second National Bank of Houston. Snorted Zorach, who indignantly denies ever having been a Communist sympathizer: "The figures would fit any Texas building, because they tell symbolically the history of Texas."

Out of the Brass Factory. In his long career, Sculptor Zorach has had more than his share of artistic hard knocks. As an immigrant boy in Cleveland, Ohio, he earned pennies selling newspapers, worked in a machine shop and brass factory before he quit school for good after the seventh grade and became an apprentice lithographer. Saving up \$160, he set off for New York to study art, got back home flat broke almost a year later and saved up more money, this time to go to Paris.

The art world that Zorach discovered abroad was bubbling with the new ideas and brilliant colors of painters like Matisse and Gauguin. "Before I realized it, I was as wild as the rest," Zorach recalls. To his astonishment, he had four paintings accepted in the Paris Salon d'Automne of 1910. While in Paris he also met his artist wife, Marguerite Thompson, granddaughter of a New Bedford whaling captain. They returned to Manhattan just in time for each to hang a painting in the 1913 Armory Show that introduced the U.S. to modern art.

Up with Sculpture. Zorach tried his first sculpture, carved out of a butternut panel salvaged from an old bureau, while sum-

mering in 1917 in an abandoned New Hampshire farmhouse. Where Zorach found that his paintings were derivative, he found that working directly in wood and stone gave him a sense of coming into his own.

Drawing for models on his wife and children, animals and friends, Zorach soon achieved a quality of serene, monumental nobility in his work. Two versions of *Mother and Child* were bought by Manhattan's Metropolitan and Whitney museums, his *Youth* by West Palm Beach's Norton Gallery. He executed sculptural decorations for the Mayo Clinic, recreation panels for the Greeneville (Tenn.) cotton house and Radio City's *Spirit of Dance*. But bad luck kept joggling his chisel. His prizewinning design for a memorial to pioneer Texas women was refused because the figures were nude; the mother lacked a wedding ring; a ft. frieze for the Los Angeles City Hall done in 1929, was a Depression casualty; his large-scale figures for Denver's Spaulding Memorial fell victim to local political jockeying. His statue of Benjamin Franklin (*see cut*), done for the Post Office Building in Washington, D.C., was installed only after the late F.D.R. personally overruled the Federal Fine Arts Commission.

Of his latest rejection Zorach says: "I don't think their motives were political. They say they weren't. But they just don't understand. They think they can order an artist to do a piece of sculpture, to his whole life, and guts, and soul into a piece of work, and then discard it like a piece of furniture." Zorach still hopes to see the bank, which has already paid \$110,000 on the commission, will reconsider. Says L. R. Bryan Jr., vice chairman of Southwest's board: "The bank looks mighty pretty just plain."

Capitol Face Lifting

The nation's Capitol has been a center of stormy artistic controversy ever since. Amateur Architect Dr. William Thornton had to fend off the claims of his professional rival, Stephen Hallett, to get credit for his 1793 plan. Last week it was once again the focus of debate. At this time: a \$12 million appropriation voted by the House to start remodeling the east façade (plus another \$28.5 million to remodel the two congressional office buildings and begin building a third).

Under the House plan, which needs certain of Senate approval, the Capitol's sandstone facing would be replaced with marble, and the whole façade, along with its imposing steps, which serve as a setting for presidential inaugurations, would be moved about 40 feet forward, bringing it more in line with the House and Senate wings. Besides repairing damage of time and weather, the remodeling would provide a broader base for Capitol's dome. More practically, the expansion plan would also provide space for 42 extra office rooms, added restaurants,

SCULPTOR ZORACH
IN BROOKLYN STUDIO





TINTORETTO'S "MINERVA PURSUING VENUS"

MASTER OF THE RENAISSANCE

THE draftsmanship of Michelangelo and the color of Titian." The motto that Jacopo Robusti, known as Il Tintoretto (The Little Dyer), wrote on the wall of his room in Venice was an ambitious goal. But in such paintings as this 16th century oil masterpiece, *Minerva Pursuing Venus*, newly acquired by the St. Louis City Art Museum, he made good his claim.

To achieve his ends Tintoretto developed his

own devices, often placed small clay figures inside homemade boxes, dramatically lighting them from unusual angles. To learn how to draw figures miraculously suspended in space, he hung figurines from the ceiling on wires. Both techniques paid off handsomely. But above all, Tintoretto achieved in his work the radiant golden glow and superb freshness that mark him as the last of the great Renaissance masters.



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facilities, one large hearing room and a private, i.e., tourist-free corridor connecting the House and Senate.

The new plan was strenuously opposed by the New York chapter of the American Institute of Architects and other organizations, and brought forth cries of sacrilege from Manhattan Architect Lorimer Rich, designer of Arlington's Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, who upheld the Capitol facade as an "invaluable record of our early architecture which should always remain." The building as it stands, the architects argued, is a living record of the work of such men as Thornton, British-born Benjamin Henry Latrobe (responsible for the handsome east facade), and Boston's Charles Bulfinch (chief restorer

of the Capitol after the British burned it in 1814). Said Architect Rich: "A reproduction is worth only the price it took to build it. An original is priceless."

Capitol Architect George Stewart made the case for change. After all, he pointed out, the Capitol has been modified many times since the cornerstone was laid, each architect changing to some extent the work of his predecessor. With an increased number of Representatives since the last expansion of the Capitol and heavier legislative workloads, the Capitol will have to go right on growing. "In fact," said Architect Stewart, "I can see the day—30 or 40 years off—when we'll have to build a new Capitol, a truly functional building. This one will become just a museum."

MILESTONES

Married. Billy Rose (real name: William Samuel Rosenberg), 56, veteran Broadway showman; and Joyce Mathews, 36, blonde onetime cinema starlet (*Night Work*), and Rose's longtime (five years) fiancée; he for the third time (his first: Comedienne Fanny Brice; second: Aquastar Eleanor Holm), she for the fourth (her first: Colonel Gonzalo Gómez, son of Venezuela's late Dictator Juan Vicente Gómez; her second and third: TV Comic Milton Berle); in Manhattan.

Died. Sir Francis Joseph Edmund Beaupaire, 65, Australian industrialist-philanthropist and famed swim star who represented his country in three Olympic Games (1908, 1920, 1924), won more than 200 championship titles, set eight world records; in Melbourne.

Died. Jean Hersholt, 69, veteran Hollywood character actor, best remembered for his kindly radio portrayal of *Dr. Christian*; after long illness; in Hollywood. A sometime painter, book collector and translator (a complete English version of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales), Danish-born Actor Hersholt became one of filmland's best-loved personalities.

Died. Dr. Kate Pelham Newcomb, 71, Wisconsin's famed North Woods woman doctor; of complications following surgery on a broken hip; in Wausau, Wis. Kansas-born Kate Newcomb had an ever-widening practice in a 70-mile circle around Woodruff, Wis. (pop. 550), where it was always hard sledding. Fame came to her after a "million pennies" drive to raise funds for a tiny community hospital and an appearance (1954) on TV's *This Is Your Life*; the TV audience ponied up \$112,596, and roly-poly Kate became the subject of a sentimental biography, *Doctor Kate: Angel in Snowshoes* (by Adele Comandini), the name her wilderness patients had known her by for 25 years.

Died. Matthew Woll, 76, veteran (since 1906) labor leader, a longtime (1919-55) vice president of the old A.F.L. and a vice president (since its merger last year) of

the A.F.L.-C.I.O., president of the International Photo-Engravers' Union of North America (1906-29), sometime author (*Labor, Industry and Government*); in Manhattan. Short (5 ft. 2 in.), swart and dapper, Luxembourg-born Matthew Woll was long identified with the Republican conservative wing of the U.S. labor movement, fought Communist efforts to infiltrate unions for more than 30 years. Once wielded the job of American labor chief by A.F.L. Founder-President Sam Gompers, Woll was blocked by U.M.W. Boss John L. Lewis, who railroaded William Green into the slot left by Gompers' death in 1924. Matt Woll stayed on, a hard and able worker, and a visual standout in his natty garb—he favored striped pants, a gates-ajar collar and bow tie.

Died. Jesse Holman Jones, 82, Texas tycoon, big builder (of Houston skyscrapers), publisher (*Houston Chronicle*; circ. 506,000), longtime (1932-45) head of Reconstruction Finance Corp., wartime (1940-45) U.S. Secretary of Commerce; in Houston. As overlord of RFC and a dozen other New Deal agencies in the Depression '30s, massive (6 ft. 3 in., 200 lbs.), granite-faced Jesse Jones saved many a bank, railroad and factory from disaster, made money for the Government by insisting, with a small-town banker's care, on rock-solid collateral before certifying a federal loan. Jones was dropped by Franklin D. Roosevelt as Commerce head in 1945 to make way for Henry Wallace. (He later called Wallace "an incompetent meddler with screwball ideas," denounced F.D.R. as a ruthless "total politician.") His lifelong passion was power ("I am a trustee for all of the people"), and in wielding it he made many enemies, who called him "Jesse James" and "Ten-Percent Jones." To his admirers he made democracy a safe risk.

Died. Ada Galsworthy, 89, widow of Britain's Nobel Prizewinning Author John Galsworthy, desultory travel writer (*Over the Hills and Far Away*) and model for Irene in Galsworthy's monumental trilogy *The Forsyte Saga*; in London.

Love Letters to Rambler



Mr. Mackey

Sales engineer Kenneth J. Mackey drives his Rambler some 40,000 miles a year to cover Illinois and Iowa in his job for the Industrial Engineering Sales Agency of Loves Park, Illinois. He tells us his favorite hobby is driving his Rambler, and goes on to say:

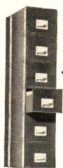
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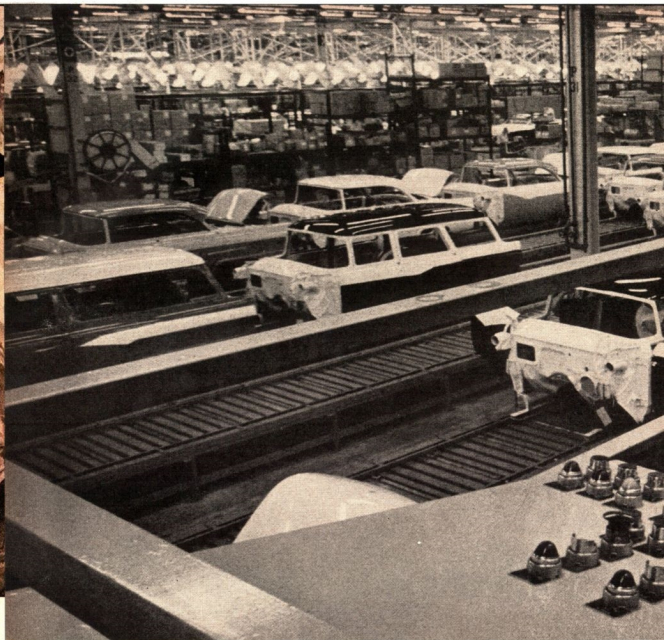
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AT THE PRESS OF A BUTTON Westinghouse automatic controls take over to guide 18 different body styles from the paint line to the correct trim line at Ford's ne

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If the mechanized wheel line went 5 feet a minute too fast, the difference in speed would hardly be noticeable. Except for one assembler. At the end of an hour he would

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Easier Credit

After two months of seesaw argument and close study, the Federal Reserve Board took another sounding of the U.S. economy last week and gently started loosening its credit reins. In the biggest buying since March, FRB went quietly into the open market, added \$196 million to its holdings of Treasury bills (maturing in 90 to 92 days), thus released more bank funds for loans to business. As one result, the highly sensitive Treasury bill interest rate dropped from 2.7% to 2.6%.

Characteristically, the Federal Reserve and its Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr. said little about the operation, but the rest of official Washington greeted the news with cheers. Critics of FRB's previous tight policy took it as a distinct shift in FRB's thinking. Said one official: "The Federal Reserve is waking up to the facts of life. We've had too much choking off of economic activity." Actually, loans were no cheaper, but the FRB had increased the availability of credit at a time when businessmen could use more funds, notably to help pay off June tax bills.

The shift helped spark the stock market to a sharp recovery from its long slide, pushed stocks on the Dow-Jones industrial averages to 480.63 by week's end, winning back 8.14 points and 36% of the previous week's loss. With the prospect of a further easing of credit if necessary, home builders expected at least to maintain their current rate of 1,100,000 houses annually v. 1,300,000 in 1955, perhaps even step up building a notch or two. Commerce Department figures for April also showed that while overall wholesale trade declined 3% in April, it was still 8% above the comparable month of 1955; nondurable goods were 5% below March but 4% higher than April 1955, while durable goods averaged 13% higher than a year ago. Both might get some help from the slight easing of credit. As for Detroit's automakers, they were finally starting to nibble away at the record inventory of 905,000 unsold cars. With new-car sales of 500,000 units a month, dealers cut their new-car inventories to an estimated 825,000 cars on May 31, hoped to continue cutting them by 75,000 to 100,000 a month.

Farm Prices Up

For the troubled U.S. farmer, the Agriculture Department reported happy news. Farm prices in mid-May climbed 3%, the fourth straight monthly rise and one of the biggest jumps in years. Potatoes, fruit, hogs, lamb and cattle all rose; in some areas prices for meat on the hoof were up as much as 6%. As a result the overall farm index jumped to 242% of the 1910-14 average, only two points below last year's level.

LABOR

Steel's Table Talk

Steelworkers' Chief David J. McDonald reached across a table in Pittsburgh's Hotel William Penn one day last week and handed a sheaf of papers to Clifford Hood, president of U.S. Steel. Thus the steelmakers opened negotiations for a new contract. There was nothing new or unexpected in the union's 22 contract demands—a guaranteed annual wage, "substantial" wage increases, premium pay for weekend work—and the first session brought out no fireworks. Nevertheless the session made history. Sitting around the table were representatives not only from giant U.S. Steel but from Bethlehem and Republic as well—the Big Three which employ 60% of all steel labor and make 55% of all steel. It was the first time that the steel companies had voluntarily sat down to industry-wide bargaining. Previously they had always talked separately, with U.S. Steel generally setting the pattern which was then followed by the others.

Company spokesmen were careful to deny that a precedent for industry-wide bargaining had been set. Said U.S. Steel's Chief Spokesman John Stephens: "McDonald has not sold the idea of a joint conference to us." But Dave McDonald was jubilant. Actually, for all their apprehensions about joint bargaining, the idea had some attractions for the steelmakers; e.g., in case of deadlock they could present a united employers' front, make it more difficult for the union to negotiate separate agreements and pick them off one by one. By seeming to bow to McDonald's strategy, the steelmen were also boosting the union chief's stock with his

men. The industry likes McDonald, a reasonable, conservative unionist, raised by the late Phil Murray from stenographer to become his successor as head of the 1,250,000-man union.

This week the talks went on in a setting deliberately chosen by both sides to speed an early settlement and beat the June 30 strike deadline. The negotiators are moving to Manhattan, away from Pittsburgh and intense local pressures. In place of massive negotiating committees, each side has slimmed itself to a four-man team, with Stephens heading the industry group (U.S. Steel, Bethlehem, Republic, Jones & Laughlin, Inland, and Youngstown Sheet & Tube) and McDonald heading the union bargainers.

Monument in Coal

Outside the mining town of Beckley, W. Va. one afternoon last week, the deep-throated voice of John L. Lewis rumbled over the heads of 5,000 listeners and bounced sonorously back from the green mountainsides. In a chill drizzle, the United Mine Workers' boss warmly hailed a "new era of peace" that had brought forth one of the most impressive social landmarks in U.S. industry: a chain of ten hospitals in three states, built and operated by the U.M.W.'s welfare and retirement fund. As Lewis dedicated the chain to "those who suffered and died before us," patients and doctors watched intently from the northernmost hospital of the \$26 million network, a five-story, glass-walled building so bright and strange to the Appalachian valley that miners call it "Beckley's Airport."

Medically and architecturally, the U.M.W. hospitals in West Virginia, Virginia, and Kentucky are among the most



UNION'S McDONALD (RIGHT) HANDING CONTRACT DEMANDS TO STEEL'S HOOD
In the hotel room, history was made.

TIME CLOCK

advanced to be found anywhere in the U.S. Built for the low cost of \$16,000 per bed, the hospitals were designed for maximum efficiency, minimum operating cost. Each "chain-store" hospital is laid out around a central service core, from which food and drugs move by assembly belt and dumb-waiter to dispatch stations on every floor. A centralized administration and service center at Williamson, W. Va., will keep the books and do the housekeeping, e.g., maintenance, filling of prescriptions, laundry, for the whole system. Thus the cost of administering the medical program has been cut to 5.4% of the \$42.8 million total spent in fiscal 1955, well under half the 12.6% average administrative cost for U.S. group hospital and medical plans.

Though the U.M.W. welfare and pension fund was set up ten years ago and has cost the industry close to \$1 billion, a series of strikes and squabbles delayed its effective operation until 1950. Since 1946, the mine operators have upped their contribution from 5¢ to 40¢ a ton. They have also accepted responsibility for the monumental task of bringing modern medicine to the industry with the second-highest accident rate (after logging) in the U.S. Unlike many unions, the U.M.W. has run the program so efficiently that a Senate subcommittee investigating union welfare funds last April called it "honestly and well administered . . . no less than excellent."

Moreover, as old (76) John L. pointed out last week, pensions and medical care for the U.M.W.'s 400,000 miners and their families in the area have left "men on both sides of the industry . . . free to apply themselves to the major project of making this industry successful." The U.S. today produces more coal at lower cost than any other nation in the world. With production running 15% ahead of 1955 and heavy export orders stacked up, the once-sick industry is fast improving its health.

Management Disillusionment

The 1,600 hourly rated employees of the Cleveland Pneumatic Tool Co., makers of aircraft shock absorbers, walked out on strike last week and threw a picket line around the company. It was like any other strike, with one important difference. The strikers were, in effect, striking against themselves; they own 49% of the company. In 1953 the hourly workers, office help and executives authorized their pension trusts to buy Pneumatic Tool for \$11,803,000. The stock was divided between the two trusts, with 49% going to the workers, the remaining 51% going to the 150 executives (from foremen to president).

The first year the 49-percenters received \$2,000,000 as their share of the profits. But they also had complaints: the profits were paid out not as cash dividends but into the complicated trust fund; they

granted, cannot sell for two years) are still considered capital gains, are not taxable until stock is sold.

RECORD INCOME of \$3,400 per capita, some \$150 more than in 1954, was earned on an average by each U.S. male worker last year, says Census Bureau. Average income for U.S. women showed no gain, has held at same \$1,100 level of last three years.

COPPER PRICES, on the skids for ten weeks, are poised for still another tumble. After sliding from last March's record high of 55.5¢ a lb. to 40¢ a lb. last week, prices of custom smelters are still weak as customers refuse to buy, live off inventories. With copper futures on London market currently at 36.4¢ a lb., commodity men say U.S. producer prices will have to come down.

SOLVENCY CHECK of Texas insurance companies, growing out of last year's insurance scandal (TIME, Dec. 26), will put 34 more companies out of business. All told, under tough new laws, 94 of 1,313 insurance companies in state failed to meet financial requirements. However, policy holders will lose no money since solvent firms will handle their policies either through mergers or reinsurance.

POLAR AIR ROUTES are in prospect for T.W.A. and Pan American. With Scandinavian Airlines already making polar runs and Lufthansa and BOAC slated to start soon, CAB will probably certify two U.S. lines in late summer.

STOCK - OPTION LOOPHOLE has been closed by U.S. Supreme Court. Reversing lower court decisions, high court ruled that unrestricted options (about 10% of all plans) giving employee "proprietary interest" in company come under normal income-tax laws. Any profit between option price and market value is taxed at ordinary income rates, at the time when employee picks up the option. Profits on more popular restricted options (employee cannot buy at less than 95% market value at time option is

granted, cannot sell for two years) are still considered capital gains, are not taxable until stock is sold.

LIFE-INSURANCE SALES are smashing all records. Value of policies written in April hit \$4.2 billion, some 14% higher than last year, while total sales thus far in 1956 come to \$16.3 billion v. \$13.9 billion for same period in 1955.

FREIGHT-CAR SHORTAGE will be eased by Federal Court decision against "slow freight" merchandizing by lumber companies. Upholding ICC, court ruled it illegal for shippers to send lumber to Eastern markets by roundabout routes while still negotiating sales with prospective buyers, thus using freight cars as rolling warehouses.

FUSION DATA, obtained from H-bomb development, will soon be released to private industry for peacetime use. Atomic Energy Commission has already given 36 companies permits to use semi-restricted fusion-energy data, is currently debating whether to lift all restrictions. Once or last information trickle out slowly. Chances are that it will come out slowly.

MIDWEST INVASION will be started by Standard Oil Co. (N.J.), first time world's biggest oil company has moved outside Eastern marketing area since an abortive attempt in the 1930s. First step will be purchase through stock exchange of Wisconsin's independent Pate Oil Co., operators of 140 filling stations in Milwaukee area with annual business of \$12 million. Gas will not be sold under Esso label.

AIRLINE MARRIAGE between Eastern Air Lines and Colonial Airlines has finally come to pass after four years of hectic courtship (TIME, Jan. 6). For \$12.4 million in stock, Eastern gets 13 DC-4 and DC-3 airliners, 2,967 more miles of routes to Canada and Bermuda to add to Eastern's 13,259-mile route pattern.

CORPORATIONS

Keeper of the Coins

Standing on a Chicago el platform one day in 1928, a lean, mid-mannered New Englander named Nathaniel Leverone idly started feeding coins into the vending machines and got madder by the minute. "I weighed myself on a penny machine and found I weighed 205," recalls Leverone. "Another machine said 98. A chocolate machine gave me nothing, not even my penny back. Out of a peanut machine I got six moldy objects. I wouldn't feed to a goat." Businessman Leverone got sore enough to go to work to teach the vending-machine business a lesson in honesty—and see if it would not also prove profitable. With \$60,000 he founded Chicago's Automatic Canteen Co. Last week Automatic Canteen, un-

ECONOMIC FORECASTERS

How Often Are They Right?

ECONOMIC forecasters trace their ancestry to a 16th century astrologer who was hired to prophesy financial trends for the German banking house of Fugger. The art of business prediction has come a long way from its starry-eyed origins. But economists admit readily that their prognostications are still largely a matter of educated guesswork. And in the current uncertainty over the economic outlook, guesstimating fever has reached epidemic pitch. Says one topflight Washington economist: "We work by the seat of our pants more often than we like to admit."

How good are the forecasters? In recent years, even the best prophets have been caught with the seat of their pants down. As late as 1945 and 1946, most business analysts insisted that World War II, like every other major conflict since Napoleon's day, would be followed by a depression. They failed to take into account the huge backlog of buying power behind bottled-up wartime shortages. Many of them underestimated the 1953 boom; many oversold the 1954 recession. Even in January 1955, as the U.S. hummed into an alltime record year, eight economists at a congressional hearing foresaw only a slight pickup from 1954. At the start of 1956, almost all economists were correct in predicting that business would be good for 1956's first half. However, said the University of Pennsylvania's Irwin Friend, the signs were so plain that "only a very silly forecast could have been wrong."

Despite the errors, the broad, long-term predictions have been far closer to target today than they were in the pre-World War II period. Major reason is the ever-increasing range and volume of information on the economy. As chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, Arthur Burns has greatly speeded the flow of vital statistics from marketplace to slide rule; e.g., housing trends, long forecast by the volume of construction starts, are now tracked months earlier on the basis of mortgage applications. Burns helped devise two of the profession's widely used yardsticks while director of the august National Bureau of Economic Research (1945-53). From 800 statistical series on the U.S. economy, Burns's staff picked 21 key indicators, business failures, durable-goods orders, etc., that faithfully pace business shifts. Under Burns the National Bureau also perfected the "diffusion index," a cross section of indicators used to gauge the strength of an upswing or downturn.

Many of the nation's top economists still prefer their own pet systems to such rigid formulas. Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Paul Samuelson compiles a "loose probability spread," based on national income, investment, taxes, inventories, department-store sales, etc. Harvard's Sumner Slichter (see EDUCATION), who bats high in the business, emphasizes that good forecasting requires 1) "imagination," 2) "comprehensive knowledge of the economy," 3) "thoroughness" in evaluating information. He contends that sound conclusions can only be based on a sound "substructure"; e.g., he tests his own prognostications by building the strongest possible counterargument from the same facts. Slichter, who predicted last year that 1956's third quarter would be "the year's worst" and the fourth quarter "the year's best," is sticking by his prophecy.

Most economists today agree that business trends—and their own predictions—are rooted as deeply in psychology as in economics. Many organizations regularly supplement savings and income figures by surveying consumer attitudes. Nevertheless, virtually all economists fell far short of the mark in predicting the 1955 housing and automobile markets, mainly because they underestimated the extent to which U.S. consumers would go into debt. The forecasters were apparently too immersed in their figures to notice the new cars flashing past, though they later coined a new phrase for an old urge: "Cumulative effect of new cars in any given community," i.e., keeping up with the Joneses.

Economists admit that their main faults are over-conservatism and a tendency (like military intelligence officers) to talk on both sides of a forecast so that they will turn out at least half-right in any event. But the biggest flaw in forecasting is that the experts still do not have enough up-to-date statistics to pinpoint economic shifts. In many spheres of activity the facts arrive too late to signal turning points. Moreover, sampling errors in many surveys are frequently bigger than the telltale swing they may reveal. Thus the business prophets who have been most consistently right have usually been those with an unscientific faith in the nation's capacity for growth. Says one member of the Council of Economic Advisers: "In the U.S., we have 165 million people, all striving to better themselves. That tremendous driving force should underlie all attempts to measure the trends of the American economy."

challenged leader of a booming \$1.7 billion industry, counted record sales of more than \$51 million in the first six months of its fiscal year, with profits topping \$1.1 million.

Slugs, Slugs, Slugs. At first Leverone felt like a pullet plunging into a weasel den. A Dartmouth graduate ('06, Phi Beta Kappa) and a successful real-estate operator who was also secretary of Chicago's Crime Commission, he found a business controlled by sharpers and racketeers; chewing-gum sticks were cut in half, sold for a penny apiece; undersized chocolate bars cost a nickel; peanuts costing 8¢ per lb. dribbled out at the rate of six per penny. And when the machines ran out of merchandise, they returned nothing but a hollow, insulting clank. Leverone hired an engineer to design an honest machine that would return coins when empty, then contracted with well-known candy-bar manufacturers to supply full-sized bars



Arthur Siegel
AUTOMATIC CANTEN'S LEVERONE
Cheaters almost always lose.

for a nickel, used neatly uniformed, bonded employees to service the machines honestly.

But Leverone soon found that if vending-machine operators had been crooked, the customers were worse. In its first year Leverone's company took in \$30,000 worth of slugs. Undaunted, Leverone and his engineers installed magnets to winnow out iron slugs, developed a three-fingered scanning device to reject slugs with holes in them. To reject more sophisticated slugs, he inserted a small anvil in his machines just below the coin slot; coins that were either too hard or too soft bounced off the anvil into slots leading to the coin-return chute. When cheaters discovered slugs with just the right bouncing qualities, Leverone's engineers countered with electrical devices to test conductivity, gauges to measure dimensions, gadgets to bite for traces of lead or tin. But for years, as fast as Leverone improved his machines, ingenious customers found ways to cheat them, including "tapping," i.e., tilting the machine and whacking it. Says Leverone wryly: "Funny thing

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* Blends-definition: *Blurring with competitive products on the shelf.*

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about coin machines. When somebody hits on a way to beat them, the news travels coast to coast in a flash."

At the 1933 Chicago World's Fair, Leverone's men were baffled for days by empty machines and equally empty coin boxes. Finally a friendly onlooker tipped them off: a man had drilled a tiny hole in the edge of a nickel, attached a fine wire so that he could drop his coin in the machine, then pull it out again. Leverone solved that one by inserting a pair of snippers in each machine. But the idea swept the U.S., and Automatic Canteen suffered heavy losses before it got all the snippers in. Still another early trick was the "disappearing slug." Workers in a refrigeration-equipment plant made molds the exact size of nickels, filled them with water each morning and quickly froze a day's supply. Fortunately Leverone's biters, scanners and measuring devices put a quick end to the icy jackpots. Today, with all the safeguards, about the only way to beat an Automatic Canteen is with a perfectly sized, almost pure nickel slug, and anyone who goes to that kind of trouble for a candy bar, says Leverone, "deserves it."

Complete Dinners. With 300,000 machines across the U.S., Leverone currently hawks and almost always collects for dozens of items, from sandwiches and pastries to ice cream, coffee and cigarettes.

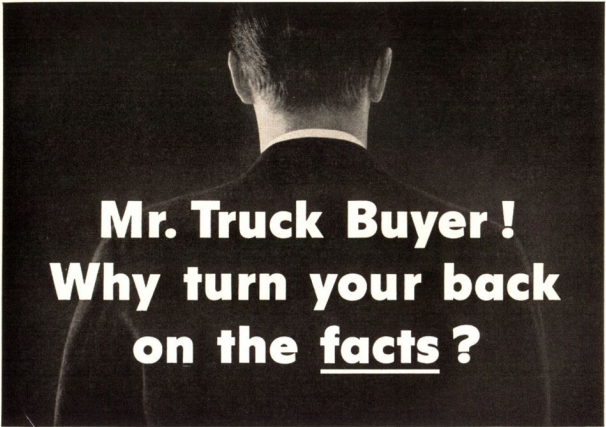
At 71, Board Chairman Leverone has turned over much of the day-to-day operation to Vice Chairman Arnold M. Johnson, big-dealing real-estate operator and baseball magnate (Kansas City Athletics), who joined the company in 1951, helped boost sales 170% in five years. Together they plan bigger and better machines with enough variety to stock an Automat—huge, crackproof robots to dispense hot, complete dinners at the tinkle of a coin. Says Leverone: "We taught the public it could expect honesty from a machine with the word 'Canteen' on it. We also taught them they'd better give us honesty in return, or they'd sure as shootin' get their coin right back."

BUSINESS ABROAD

A Ride on a Tiger

*He who rides the tiger
Finds it difficult to dismount*

Ever since 1949, U.S. businessmen trying to operate in—or get out of—Red China have learned the bitter truth of this ancient Chinese proverb. Under the guise of smiling cooperation, the Communists have systematically stripped businesses while holding their managers virtual prisoners. Last week the last of hundreds of U.S. businessmen, who once did a \$1 billion business in China, was safely in Hong Kong with a tale of seven years of subtle commercial torture. His name: Charles S. Miner, 49, manager of a big auto, newspaper, real-estate and insurance business in China for Manhattan's C. V. Starr and Co. His company's losses totaled nearly \$5,000,000 before the Reds were satisfied. Said Miner: "Our com-



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Pan Asia

THE MINERS Wrung, wrung, wrung.

panies were wrung dry like dishrags until we had lost everything."

Promotion & Profit. If any Western company could have ridden Red China's tiger successfully, it was C. V. Starr and Co., which directs a network of worldwide (69 nations) insurance companies. Its chairman is Cornelius V. Starr, an old China hand and more recently a U.S. skiing fan. (He has turned Stowe, Vt. into one of the top U.S. ski resorts.) Starting in China in 1919, Starr's group built its American-Asiatic Underwriters into Asia's biggest insurance operation, with more than half of China's total business; it accumulated large real-estate holdings, opened Studebaker and Buick-Vauxhall agencies, published Shanghai's English-language *Evening Post & Mercury*. When Charles S. Miner took over in 1948, the company was doing a highly successful business and hoped it could continue under the Communists. Starr's *Evening Post* even fell for the line that the Reds were really "agrarian democrats" without binding ties to Moscow, went so far as to welcome Mao Tse-tung's army as the beginning of a "true liberation." It was a foolish hope.

Red censorship throttled the *Evening Post* so effectively that it was soon forced to shut down, sell its equipment at junk prices. The auto agencies next went under. But despite heavy taxes, Starr's insurance business prospered, and the land company, Metropolitan Land Co., was allowed to manage its properties.

On the Treadmill. In 1950, when Red China entered the Korean war, all pretending stopped. In quick succession, the Communists filed on enormous claims for back wages, charged fantastic tax assessments, added on phony claims for payment of insurance debts actually paid years before to the Nationalists. Starr's land company lost all its undeveloped land to nationalization, was stripped of 200

rented houses in one grab on the pretext that the titles were invalid. As business floundered, each dismissed employee had to be paid off in U.S. dollars; once Manager Miner was jailed for ten days when U.S. currency restrictions held up the necessary cash. To top it off, the Communists calculated interest on unpaid claims at 1½%, compounded daily.

When Miner tried to liquidate the rest of the company holdings, the government rejected the buyers, instead "introduced" him to "approved" buyers, e.g., government agents, who prodded him to make them an offer. "That would have been suicide," says Miner. "If we had set a price, they would simply have used it to compound their claims and get more out of us." In desperation, Miner repeatedly asked the Reds to "tell us what the ransom is and we will pay it," but they would never give us a figure."

Three months ago, the cat tiring of the mouse, the Communists set their final ransom price for Miner's release: \$85,000 to clear the Starr company's remaining "debts" and liquidate the business. They even agreed to make it contingent on his safe journey out of China, with his Chinese wife. Said Miner: "To all intents and purposes this was the swan song of American business in China."

MANAGEMENT

Kings of the Mountain

Who are the highest paid executives in U.S. industry? In a survey of 400 key executives, *Business Week* magazine reported that the top three all made more than \$700,000 in salary and bonus last year. Best paid: General Motors President Harlow H. Curtice with \$776,400. Second was Bethlehem Steel Chairman Eugene G. Grace with \$705,923, and third G.M.'s Board Chairman Albert Bradley with \$701,525. Right behind was Du Pont President Crawford H. Greenewalt, whose \$642,619 came from a \$178,619 salary and a whopping \$464,000 bonus. A few notches lower, Chrysler Corp. President L. L. Colbert picked up a \$249,800 bonus for boosting car sales, thus doubling his 1954 pay to \$500,700.

Another eye opener: Columbia Broadcasting System's Director Edward R. (See *It Now*) Murrow, whose \$316,000 pay was highest for the industry, even more than that of President Frank Stanton (\$293,857) and Chairman William S. Paley (\$241,526) or of R.C.A.'s David Sarnoff (\$200,000). Others in the salary stratosphere:

\$500,000 to \$600,000: Ford Motor Co.'s Chairman Ernest R. Breech and President Henry Ford II; General Motors Executive Vice Presidents Louis C. Goad and Frederic G. Donner.

\$400,000 to \$500,000: Ford's Executive Vice Presidents Lewis D. Crusoe and Delmar S. Harder.

\$300,000 to \$400,000: Distillers Corp.-Seagrams' President Samuel Bronfman, International Business Machines' Chairman Thomas J. Watson, United Merchants & Manufacturers' President J. W.

Schwab, Colgate-Palmolive Chairman Edward H. Little, Procter & Gamble President Neil H. McElroy, Republic Steel's President C. M. White.

\$250,000 to \$300,000: Union Carbide's President Morse G. Dial, American Tobacco's President Paul M. Hahn, Arco Steel's President W. W. Sebald, National Steel's Chairman Ernest Terner Weir and President Thomas E. Millsoff.

Of the total 400 executives in 132 companies covered by the survey, almost 65% made at least \$100,000 in 1955. Notable exception: Remington Rand's Board Chairman Douglas MacArthur (see PEOPLE), whose 1955 salary came to \$68,600.

AUTOS

The Gold-Plated Daimler

Though he is one of Britain's biggest industrialists, Sir Bernard Docker is better known in the sensational penny press than in the financial and society pages, and so is his wife Norah. There have been adorable pictures of Lady Docker playing marbles with factory workers, Lady Docker at a party given by one of London's most notorious criminals (Billy Hill), Lady Docker regally dancing the hornpipe for an audience of sheepish miners aboard the Dockers' \$78-ton yacht *Shemara*. Although both are millionaires, the Dockers also made generous use of the expense account and position of Sir Bernard, chairman of the Birmingham Small Arms Co., which produces everything from air rifles to \$40,000 Daimler limousines. On the swindle sheet were at least two gold-plated Daimlers—one of them upholstered in six zebra skins and costing \$42,000. Owned by Daimler, they were built to Lady Docker's specifications and for her use, said Lady Docker: "We bring glam-



Carl Mydans—Life

THE DOCKERS
Sacked, sacked, sacked.



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—and, as the nursery rhyme continues, “his wife could eat no lean”—

Which, in a way, makes a point about investing that we’ve been underscoring for years.

The point is simply this: There isn’t any such thing as an “all-purpose” stock. A good choice for one portfolio can represent a pretty poor selection for another.

The right stocks for you must always depend on your own individual needs, your personal requirements, your particular objectives.

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Which may be one reason why so many investors write to our Research Department for help—ask for an unbiased opinion of what looks like fat, what looks like lean.

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our and happiness into drab lives. The working class loves everything I do.”

Unfortunately, Sir Bernard’s company did not. Last year B.S.A.’s business began falling off: profits before taxes slid to \$8,000,000 by year’s end as the government’s anti-inflationary credit squeeze pinched sales. The worse business got, the less the B.S.A. directors and the insurance companies that hold blocks of B.S.A. stock appreciated the antics and expense accounts of their board chairman and his lady. Last week, in a fiery, three-hour meeting, they unceremoniously fired Sir Bernard not only as chairman and managing director, but even as a director.

Pink Champagne. Next day the Dockers called in the press, poured out pink champagne and their hearts. Sir Bernard’s father had helped build the B.S.A. empire; Sir Bernard had been chairman since 1938; and his fortune was founded around the company. Said Sir Bernard, cigar in hand, tears in eyes: “I’ve been sacked, sacked, sacked. When father left the board, they gave him a gold watch. For me they called a special meeting, and the only subject they discussed was my departure. Damnable.” Cried Lady Docker even more tearfully: “It’s not the loss of the gold cars that makes me feel like this. And weren’t they fun? They were like my children. No, it’s that lovely party I was planning for 25,000 B.S.A. workers for my 50th birthday on June 23. A tiptop affair—and now it’s all off. How could they do this to him after 17 years? Why, he’s such a hard worker that he had a through line to the firm from my yacht.”

Golden Dress. One of the big reasons for the final blowup was one of Lady Docker’s dazzling schemes: open a Gold Showroom in Paris featuring one of the gold-plated Daimlers. As the idea grew, so did the expense, until finally Lady Docker simply had to have some gear to go with it: a gold-plated dress, a mink cape and a mink-trimmed hat. The outfit cost \$20,000 but, said Lady Docker: “Since I was doing nothing more than acting as a model, I decided to charge it against tax.” When the tax people objected, Sir Bernard tried to bill B.S.A. B.S.A. also objected, and finally Sir Bernard paid for the rig himself, but the incident rankled the other directors. They brought up other charges: 1) shareholders’ complaints were not passed on to the board (Sir Bernard: “I do not remember any complaints”); 2) Sir Bernard concealed important figures from the directors (Sir Bernard: “They could always look at the books”).

At week’s end Sir Bernard visited his lawyer, Sir Hartley Shawcross, onetime Laborite Attorney General, announced: “I am going to fight.” But Sir Bernard seems to have little chance: he holds only 100,000 out of 2,815,172 B.S.A. shares, and his newly named successor, slim, shy Millionaire John Sangster, 60, whose Triumph Engineering Co. (motorcycles) merged into B.S.A. in 1951, is well thought of. Meanwhile, Lady Docker tooted off to shop for a Bentley (made by Daimler’s only competitor, Rolls-Royce), purred: “Actually, I’ve always loved Bentleys.”

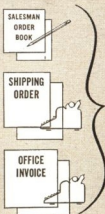
1 FORM DOES THE WORK OF 3 IT'S A MOORE SPEEDISET



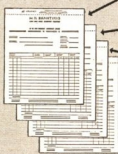
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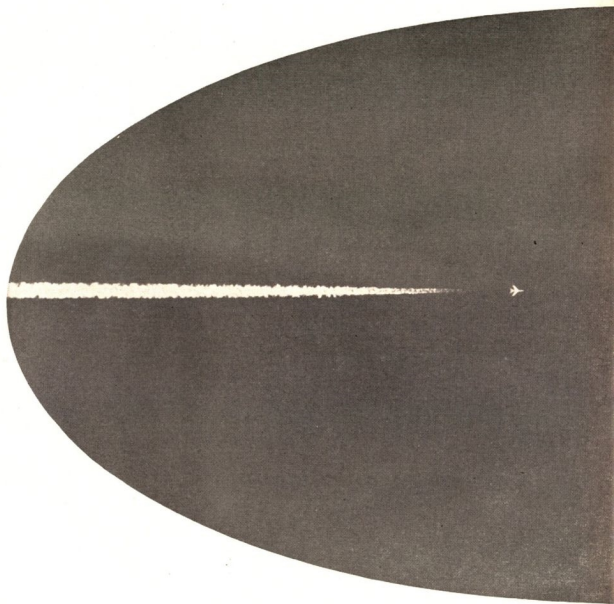
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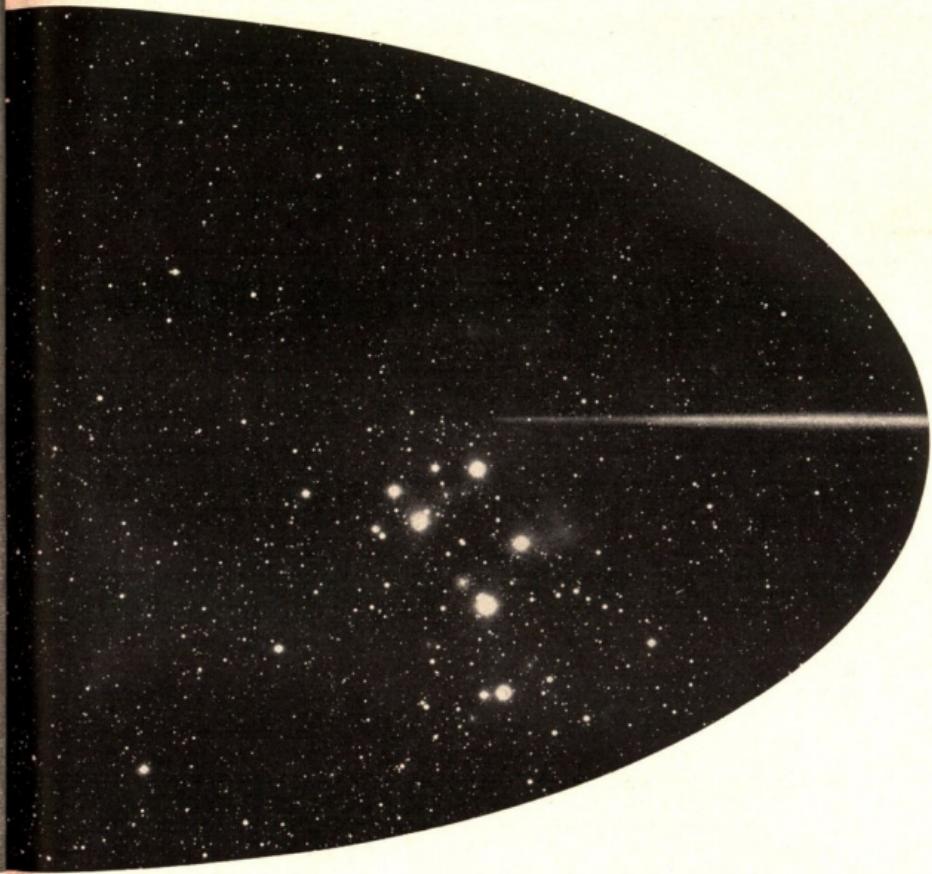


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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Trapeze (Hecht-Lancaster; United Artists). Less than a century after Phineas Taylor Barnum raised it high, the Big Top is folding all over the U.S. (TIME, May 28), and the Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze may soon pass into history with the flagpole sitter and the Human Fly. *Trapeze* is an attempt by Producer-Actor Burt Lancaster—who got his start in show business as an acrobat—to give the sons of the leotard what may prove to be their last fling in the big time.

Like every circus worthy of the name, *Trapeze* offers plenty of exciting side-shows, and the favorite distraction is sure to be Gina Lollobrigida, who keeps drifting across the screen in pretty, scant costumes. Gina is a lowly trampolinist who



LANCASTER & LOLLOBRIGIDA
Spangles with the tanbark.

wants to fly high, and she keeps trying to climb the rigging with the "catcher" (Lancaster) in the aerial act, but Burt will not give her a tumble. He does all his catching on the high bar with Tony Curtis, and he refuses to let a woman come between them. But Gina keeps pitching those curves, and pretty soon both Burt and Tony are grabbing at everything in sight.

The script, in short, is just a barrel of soggy tanbark, but there are plenty of comic spangles scattered through it—e.g., the midget who is wakened every morning by the kiss of a giraffe, and the snake merchant who spends the better part of the picture polishing a lady python.

Invitation to the Dance (M-G-M.) is the first feature-length ballet film that ever came out of Hollywood. It is also one of the few times since the movies found voice that the moviegoer has been offered a picture without dialogue. Indeed, the

TIME, JUNE 11, 1956



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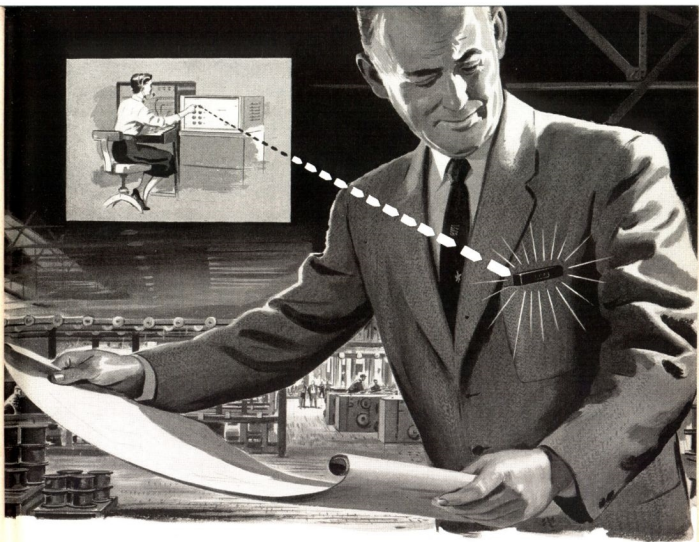
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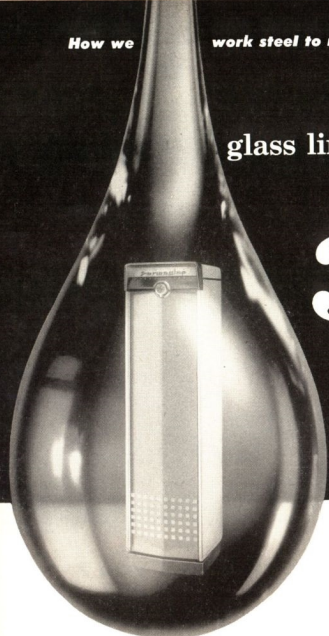


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absence of what passes for human speech in most movie scripts will probably attract more customers to this show than the presence of well-known dancers (Igor Youskevitch, Tamara Toumanova, Claire Sombert, Diana Adams, Belita, Carol Haney, Tommy Rall), who do not get much chance to strut their stuff.

The trouble seems to be that Hollywood just cannot bring itself to put the art before the coarse. Gene Kelly spent more than three years in the production of this picture, and he had been thinking about it for a decade before shooting started. He devised the choreography, commissioned the music, directed the dancers and the camera, and he dances a leading part in each of the picture's three episodes. Yet when it came to a showdown with his studio bosses, Showman Kelly was forced to play for the quick cash and let the enduring credit go. In



GENE KELLY

The art before the coarse.

the first of his danced playlets, however, Kelly manages to reach something not too far from the Diaghilev, and that one effort should persuade the ballet enthusiast as well as the movie fan to accept his invitation to the dance.

Circus is a simple, romantic ballet, set to some suitable music by France's Jacques Ibert, laid in a village square of placidized baroque, and dressed in costumes that suggest the saltimbanches of Picasso. It is pretty and sweet, but not too sweet. As the play begins, Pierrot (Kelly) appears in his baggy white costume to open the program of a *teatro circo*, an Italian traveling circus. With the stilted gestures of mimetic tradition, he tells of his hopeless love for the leading lady of the troupe (Sombert), hopeless because she loves the daring aerialist (Youskevitch).

The curtain closes on the prologue, and acrobats, like an avalanche of oranges,

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come tumbling at the camera, with jugglers and parti-colored harlequins who set the screen to flailing like a crazy quilt in a squall. Enter the mime again, this time with bells on his ankles, wrists and cap, to do a little foot-about that is charmingly reminiscent of the lady in the nursery rhyme who has music wherever she goes, and then a gay bacchanal as the villagers join in.

Night falls, and Pierrot sits alone in the deserted marketplace. The folded tents of the merchants stand tall and sad as cypresses. The lady and her lover appear, and dance together a sensuous adagio. Sombert is lovely in this lyric piece, and Youskevitch is starkly splendid in his solo dance. The clown, mad with jealousy, climbs to the wire. He will prove, though he dies, that he is a man, and die he does. He lies broken in his lady's scarlet mantle, like a white bird in a pool of blood.

From almost any point of view, this ballet seems as good as many (and rather better than some) in the standard repertory. Indeed, M-G-M apparently thought it was too good for the general public. Kelly's next effort, a terpsy-turvy take-off on Schnitzler's *La Ronde*—in which a daisy chain of lovers passes a bracelet (it was syphilis in the original) from one to another until it gets back where it started from—is mostly not much better than the brothel sequence in any other Technicolor musical. The third offering is a parody of *Scheherazade*, in which Kelly, as a Sinbad in a sailor suit, does an ever-so-cute little dance with some animated cartoon figures.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Swan. A pretty, witty fairy tale, written by Ferenc Molnar, in which Grace Kelly is won by middle-aged Prince Charming Alec Guinness (TIME, April 23).

The Bold and the Brave. A parable of love and war, in which the spiritual battle is the payoff; with Wendell Corey, Don Taylor, Mickey Rooney (TIME, April 16).

Forbidden Planet. A spring cruise at the speed of light to Altair-4—a small, out-of-the-way planet with two moons, green sky, pink sand, personal robot service (TIME, April 9).

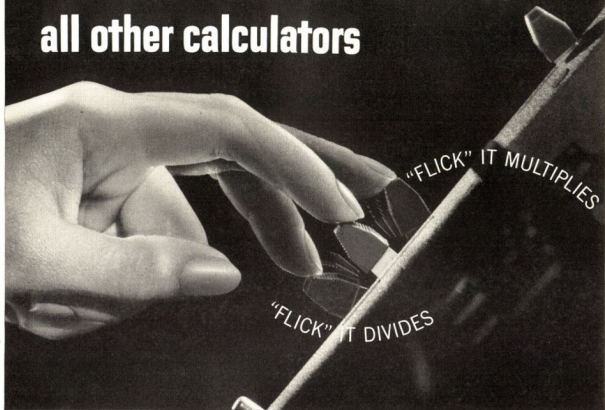
Richard III. Shakespeare's sinister parable of power made into a darkly magnificent film by Sir Laurence Olivier, who plays the title role with satanic majesty (TIME, March 12).

The Ladykillers. Farcical larceny, with light-fingered Alec Guinness lifting £60,000 from an armored truck and then losing it—and the picture—to scene-stealing Katie Johnson (TIME, March 12).

Picnic. William Inge's play about a husky athlete (William Holden) who bounces around a small town like a loose ball, while the ladies (Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak) fumble excitedly for possession (TIME, Feb. 27).

The Rose Tattoo. Anna Magnani, in her first Hollywood film and Oscar-winning role, serves up Tennessee Williams' comedy-tragedy as a wonderful pizza-pie farce—and the spectator gets it smack in the eye (TIME, Dec. 10).

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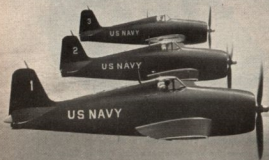
Their formation is diamond, the distance between each Cougar a precise five feet. Too near the earth, they roll as one and noisily loop. On each low return, the crowd gasps, but the five feet separation remains exact throughout their aerobatics.

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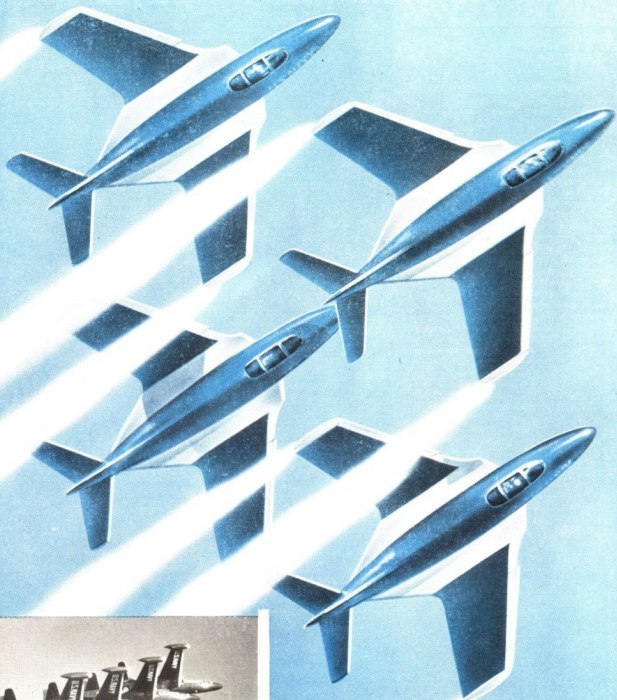
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BOOKS

A Bad Dealer

THE NINTH WAVE (332 pp.)—Eugene Burdick—Houghton Mifflin (\$3.95).

In this first-novel winner of the Houghton Mifflin award, Author Burdick gives a reverse twist to the cozy U.S. sociological convention that coarse, conservative fathers produce sensitive, non-conformist sons. It is a study of Mike Freemith, whose father was a radical so militant he once smashed the family Christmas tree into bourgeois smithereens. To contrast his old man, Mike determines to become a "big wheeler and dealer." He starts rolling as a clean-limbed, sexually limber nihilist on a surfboard off the coast of Southern California. He is supposed to be getting an education; instead he is educating the English teacher in the arts of love. He goes on in this way to become a Big Man on Campus at Stanford, then a political lawyer with a puppeteer's talent for running the show from behind the scenes. Along the way, he exploits and blows cigar smoke into the faces of a whole range of characters, from his liberal-minded wife (whom he marries for her vineyards), and a blackmail-prone professor, up to the top brass of the California Democratic Party. He is cool, ruthless, sadistic; even his one friend, Hank Moore, sees him as a lost, fragmented being—an "upward mobile."

By the time he is set to mastermind the election for governor of a drunken windbag named John Cronwell, Freemith has developed into a full clinical picture of an icy-hearted opportunist in action. He figures that fear plus hate equals power. By manipulating the fear of poverty of California's "senior citizens" and exploiting general hatred of Communism, he hopes to become the real governor of Cali-



NOVELIST BURDICK
Fear plus hate equals power.



JUSTICE DOUGLAS (RIGHT) & RUSSIAN HOSTS
The pie is mostly in the dialectical sky.

fornia. In a not quite credible solution, his pal Hank removes the hard hand of Mike Freemith from the public weal.

Novelist Burdick, who teaches political theory at the University of California, says that he originally intended his novel as "a study on the 'irrational' trends in politics," but it grew into a portrait of one man, Mike. As a novel, it has its structural and narrative faults. Still, it stands by itself as a disquieting, often fascinating portrait of a recognizable type of politician, a type who in real life, perhaps unfortunately, usually lacks a friend willing to dispose of him.

Soviet Safari

RUSSIAN JOURNEY (255 pp.)—William O. Douglas—Doubleday (\$4.50).

Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas has made as much news with his ascents as his dissents. *Of Men and Mountains*, his Thoreau-like reflections on mountain climbing in the Pacific Northwest, scaled 1950's bestseller lists. The previous year, a hike up the peaks of Azerbaijan near the Russo-Iranian border brought a salvo of charges from the Soviet press that he was leading "a gang of spies." Uphill and down in seven years, the journeying justice has covered tens of thousands of miles, toured 20 lands and written five books about his travels. Folksy, candid, and inclined to ramble in peculiarly un-lawyerlike fashion, Author Douglas has a keen eye for homely detail and an easy gift for projecting his friendly, open-faced curiosity about far-off people and places. *Russian Journey* is his most interesting book to date and offers a penetrating glimpse of the enigmatic bear which is currently bent on retracting its claws and hounding up the world.

Ceremonial Sheep's Ear. Before he entered Russia, Douglas dined with India's Nehru, who was still bowled over by the warmth of the reception the Russians had given him on his own visit. Said Nehru: "The Russians remind me of you

Americans. Both of you are friendly and outgoing." So, indeed, did Douglas find the average Russian. At his first Caucasian collective farm, Douglas ran into the problem of the vodka toast, decided then and there that he would stick to wine for the duration. When other hosts proudly laid a sheep's head and ear before him, Douglas manfully nibbled some meat from atop the cranium (quite tasty) and the center of the ear (quite gristly). This was only the ceremonial dish in what sometimes stretched into a 21-course meal. After some feasts, entertainment followed, and the guest was expected to reciprocate. Douglas, a onetime Yale law professor, kicked out some pretty fair Cossack polkas and warbled the *Wagnerpoof Song*.

The festivities rarely prevented the Justice from asking pointed questions and getting evasive answers. Quoting official Soviet figures, he asked if forced collectivization had not resulted in the disappearance of nearly 1,000,000 of the Kazakh people of Kazakhstan between 1926 and 1939. Replied a local judge blandly: "One million of Kazakhs have gone to China."

Oats for the Mind. Lawyer Douglas found, like others before him, that the materialistic paradise of the workers is still pretty much a promise of pie in the dialectical sky. A haircut, he reports appreciatively, costs only 40¢—but in 1955 the average Russian male got exactly five razor blades. A Russian family eats meat no more than once a week. A worker can buy a refrigerator for \$165, but his annual income is about \$600. Six families sometimes share a kitchen and a toilet. On the other side of the ruble: in a few areas the Soviet Union appears to outdistance the U.S. In 1956 the U.S.S.R. will graduate 20,000 doctors, as against 7,000 for the U.S. A striking eighth of the Soviet budget goes for schools and education.

One area of comparison, the law and how it works, was naturally intriguing to



HEGEL

on the requisites of freedom

To the ideal of freedom,
law and morality are
indispensably requisite
... Society and the state
are the very conditions
in which freedom
is realized.

(Philosophy of History, 1837)

ARTIST: J. WOLFGANG BECK



GENTLEMEN—WE'VE GOT A WHISKY SECRET



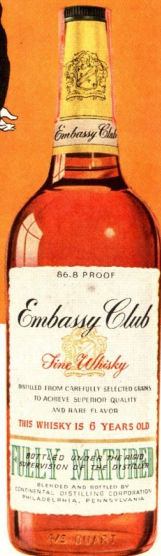
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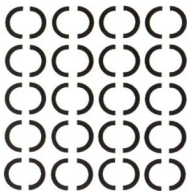


Justice Douglas, and whenever the occasion presented itself, he dropped off at courtrooms. The Russians have no writ of habeas corpus, and a prisoner can be held totally incommunicado for 63 days, after which he must be brought to trial. He is presumed innocent as in U.S. law, but hearsay evidence is permitted, and no one is so injudicious as to inquire if the MVD has used torture. Since the Soviet is officially godless, the prisoner takes no oath and is free to tell all the lies he can get away with. Every judge on the People's Court bench (the main trial court) is elected, and frequently they are housewives, streetcar conductors and factory hands. Banishment to Siberia is as common a sentence under the Soviets as under the Czars, but on the whole a nonpolitical prisoner gets his fair day in court.

Douglas came away with an overall impression of the Russian people as "a great force moving incessantly and dynamically toward some unknown destiny." What do they want? In Douglas' view, the people overwhelmingly want peace; the Kremlin itself hopes to avoid war, yet the fundamental aims of Communism have not changed. The tactics have. Following a Russian proverb, the leaders now plan "to use oats, not a whip, to drive the horses."

The contest for the hearts and minds of men will be won in Asia, says Traveler Douglas flatly. What the Russians offer the Asians, Douglas implies, is a sort of poor man's U.S. The Russian worker's \$600 a year is a fabulous annual wage to the Indian who makes \$50. Some 50% to 80% of all Asian babies die in their first year, but the Russians have reduced infant mortality to the U.S. level. Despite their shortcomings, Soviet farms are mechanized, a tremendous advance over the primordial cleft sticks and oxen of Asia. A subtler appeal, as Douglas sees it, is Soviet discipline. Loosing the strict hold of family, faith and feudal status, the Asian intelligentsia, in particular, finds itself in a psychological vacuum, hungering for a new authority. Communist dogma offers to provide it.

"We Must Woo." How can the U.S. best meet these challenges? "We must have affirmative programs, not merely anti-Communist ones. We must have negotiable positions, not inflexible ones. We must woo where we have been prone to castigate . . . we must learn to be at home in a world that is more socialist than capitalist. We must be rid of the attitude that those nations which refuse a military alliance with us are necessarily fellow-travelers or dupes of the Communists." Once this new tack is taken, argues Douglas, the West has a far-from-secret weapon with which to win the battle of competitive coexistence. The Soviet lip-serves human betterment but degrades humanity. As opposed to serflike security, the rights, freedoms and dignity of man "constitute our democratic faith. They give the West a great advantage in the competition—if we will only think in terms of people, their fears, their needs, and their dreams."



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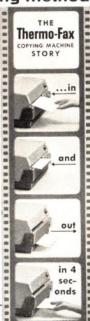
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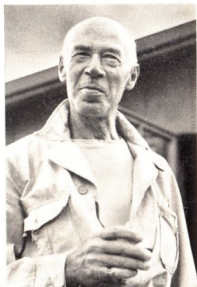


Two Pal Joeys

MY FRIEND HENRY MILLER (255 pp.)
—Alfred Perlès—John Day (\$4).

This book will be read devoutly by the thin cult of aging Americans for whom Henry Miller was the big name in a bohemian pantheon of goofy godlets. For others it has interest as the life record of a literary anarchist of boundless charm and talent but limited good sense, the loosest member of the Lost Generation, who, now 64, has lived these twelve years past as a sage emeritus in an arty enclave at Big Sur, Calif.

Miller's fame rests on *Tropic of Cancer* and *Tropic of Capricorn*, jubilantly riotous narratives whose sometimes hilarious smut made them contraband barracks-bag souvenirs of France for countless G.I.s. *Tropic of Cancer* went off like a time

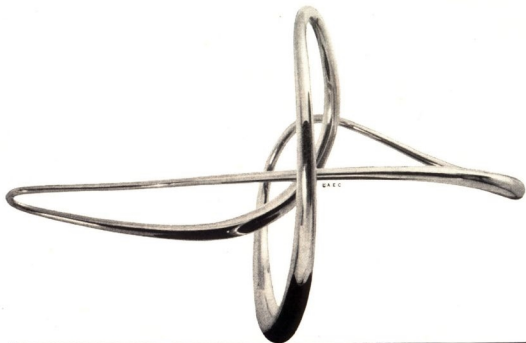


Fred Lyon—Kapha-Guillouette
AUTHOR MILLER

In a pantheon of goofy godlets.

bomb in the literary world of 1934. A generation wearied of polite fiction was offered great gobs of something called Life. Just as history seemed to be jostling Europe to a new war, the author of *Tropic* offered to abolish history. The book displayed life as a perpetual riot of gabble and rut in which Narrator Miller kept a bouncer's hard eye for anyone likely to break up the party. Its explosion was timely, but the shock wave passed quickly. Now Miller seems as drably dated as one of his favorite writers, H. Rider (She) Haggard, another man who "wrote at the top of his voice."

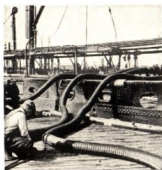
The King & I. Unfortunately, the same lack of inhibition that lent the gusto of irresponsibility to a natural raconteur has made nonsense of the notion that Miller is a philosopher and a sage. Not to all, however. There are those to whom statements such as "In America, the artist is ever an outcast, a pariah" do not read like something misprinted on a card given



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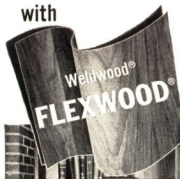
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out in a gypsy tearoom. Indeed, there are those—and Alfred Perles is determined not to be the least—to whom such words, from Miller's larynx, "make one think of cathedral bells."

In this manner, Perles, a Vienna-born writer, makes his bid to be an official court jester and chronologer to the King of Bohemia; he spent five months in his prize panjandrum's presence at Big Sur to put finishing touches to the only autobiography of Henry Miller not written by Henry Miller.

Perles was working for the Paris edition of the *Chicago Tribune* when the conjunction took place. With all the avuncular patronage of Dr. Johnson being kind for once to Boswell, Miller says kind things of the first meeting with "my good friend Alf." But like Boswell's initial confrontation with Johnson, it was not a success. "There was no click," Perles confesses sadly. Yet, "was I already under the spell of that personality which was later to manifest itself in his epoch-making books?" Two years later the question was answered. He was—even though Miller "talked through his hat, like an inspired lunatic."

By then Miller was "already a past master in the art of living by his wits." At the Dôme and Coupole, Montparnasse haunts of the U.S. expatriate, he talked about death and Dostoevsky and was already veering toward the sort of grandiloquent occultism that today qualifies Miller for a career as a Los Angeles swami, should he tire of Big Sur. Perles lovingly records every drink.

Lost in an Igloo. They made an odd pair. They called each other "Joey"—the Australian word for an infant kangaroo—but there was never doubt as to who was in whose pouch. Perles used to put his name to Miller's early essays for the feature page of the *Chicago Tribune*—possibly the strangest newspaper collaboration since Marx used to sign Engels' pieces for the New York *Tribune*. Perles set Miller up to meals and a hotel room, and thus, Perles announces grandly, "the stage was set for the *Tropic of Cancer*."

Funnier episode: the two Pal Joys get hold of a magazine called *The Booster* from a trusting U.S. businessman. Under Perles and Miller, the sheet's literary editors included William Soroyn, and it boasted a Department of Metaphysics and Metempsychosis. The new *Booster's* second and last issue contained a story of a man who completely vanished inside a beautiful girl in an igloo.

Despite *Booster* Perles' overpraise, Miller comes through the recital of his preposterous pilgrimage as a lovable figure of intellectual fun.

Neapolitan Peep Show

MONA LISA (Vols. 1, 2, 3; 1.267 pp.)
—*Tiffany Thayer*—*Dial* (\$12.50).

Heaven only knows how many women have despairingly practiced the Mona Lisa smile since Leonardo da Vinci painted her around 1505. And what was she smiling about anyway? Sixteen years ago Tiffany



THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY



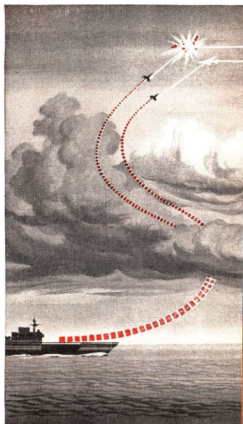
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Thayer, a writer of meretricious bestsellers (*Call Her Savage*, *Thirteen Women*), accepted the challenge to find out. The years passed, and with advertising copywriter jobs (now Pall Mall cigarettes) to keep him from want, Author Thayer learned Italian and let his fancy run riot. It ran to 47,000 handwritten pages. A more fastidious publisher might have been appalled by so mountainous an exercise in bad taste, but Dial Press President George Joel, who has made a killing with the sexual leers of Frank (*The Foxes of Harrow*) Yerby, decided on one of the most massive gambles in recent U.S. publishing history. He decided to launch *Mona Lisa*, a novel that will run to some 21 volumes.

Published this week are the first three volumes (boxed and priced at \$12.50). Breathlessly the publisher confides that "no one, absolutely no one but Tiffany Thayer, could have written it." No one is



NOVELIST THAYER
Nobody, but nobody.

apt to quarrel with him, for Author Thayer has reached an Everest of vulgarity that may well stand as a mark until standards of literary decency are chucked entirely. His fancy is that *Mona Lisa* is written by French Poet François Villon; it turns out to be a between-the-sheets foray into the political brawls and sexual excesses of Renaissance Italy. It begins with the hero, Giovantonio Del Balzo-Orsini, lying under his mother's bed as she submits to her wifely duties, and it maintains that level of fictional and historical curiosity throughout. Prominent in the milling cast of characters is a queen of Naples whose appetite for men is inextinguishable. He to be interested in Italian political squabbles, Author Thayer really saves his most conspicuous talents for scenes that normally have their origin in lecherous fantasy. A drool trickles from the wise-guy, smoking-car prose, and each orgy is dropped with a reluctance that promises another bout in the next



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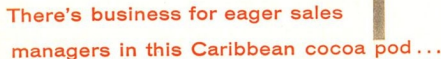
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chapter. The promise is kept, to the point of bedroom boredom.

And Mona Lisa herself? At the end of these three volumes she is not yet born and will not be until the end of the next set of volumes. She may never make it. The economics of publishing being what it is, it is barely possible that not enough readers will pay their way in to bring a smile to the face of anyone connected with the enterprise.

Awakening in Brittany

THE RIPENING SEED (186 pp.)—Colette—Farrar, Straus & Cudahy (\$3).

The hothouse maturity of French teenagers has been a favorite theme of teenage French writers, e.g., Raymond Radiguet in *Devil in the Flesh*, Françoise Sagan in *Bonjour Tristesse*. In 1923, the late great Colette turned her fiftyish hand to the subject, produced a luminous and sensuously intuitive study of adolescent awakening. Republished in the U.S. for the first time in a quarter-century. *The Ripening Seed* has also taken scenario form as 1954's sensitively made but ineptly titled French film, *The Game of Love*. For the 16- and 15-year-old hero and heroine of this novel, love is about as far from a game as the coming-of-age rites of primitive tribes.

Dark-eyed Phil and blonde Vinca have been seaside pals on the Brittany coast through all their childhood summers. This summer some nameless tension clouds their carefree camaraderie. On their shrimping and crab-hunting forays, Phil turns broody, Vinca coquettishly skittish. Both erupt in inane little squabbles, shy away from the budding hints of their physical and psychological otherness. By the time they are ready to let the troubling word "love" cross their lips, they decide with childlike gravity that love is for grown-ups and that they are star-crossed by their years.

The youngsters' compact to wait for each other is a quick casualty to a kind of *deu ex machina*, a musky, thirtyish goddess in white named Mme. Dallery who parks her car on the sea road and asks Phil for directions, then asks him to come over and see her some time at her neighboring villa. Phil does, and night after furtive night the two make hi-infidelity music together. Inwardly tormented, Phil confesses his faithlessness to Vinca, begging her with newborn masculine vanity not to commit suicide for love of him "either now or later." No death wisher, Vinca responds in a way that confirms Colette's renown as an astute psychologist of women in love.

The Ripening Seed is drenched in a pagan delight with the moods, sights and fecundities of nature. If the novel has a drawback, it stems from what might be called Colette's gland-directed theory of personality, a tendency to reduce all thought to desire, all spirit to sensation. But rarely has the self-contained world of adolescence burst its pod under the touch of so loving yet unsentimental and sharp-eyed a gardener.

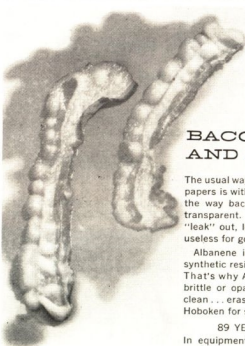


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Two for the Show. In Des Moines, Federal revenooers socked Barmaid Ruth Shepler with a claim for \$44,693.84 in back taxes, insisted that her feat of balancing two to four glasses of beer on her breasts as she goes about her work constitutes "entertainment," thus subjects her tavern to the 20% U.S. cabaret tax.

Professional Handicap. In New York City, the *Daily News* carried a classified ad: "Funeral Parlor, established 45 years, fully equipped, selling due to death."

Beyond the Call. In St. Marys, W. Va., after the operator refused to return his dime when he complained of a poor connection, Truck Driver Myles Milton yanked the phone off the wall, smashed it on the floor, told police: "I was tired."

The Correspondent. In Mexico, N.Y., encouraged by Teacher Lucy Salley to discuss local news, a second-grader stood up before the class, reported: "Last night my mother had a baby, and now I think my aunt's coming down with it."

Uddermost. In Gillingham, England, Farmer Henry Haskett was haled into court for carrying a piano in a truck insured only for agricultural use, claimed it was a farm implement, explained to the judge: "Twice a day my wife and son take turns playing soothing music at milking time. Some cows won't yield milk unless they are kept amused."

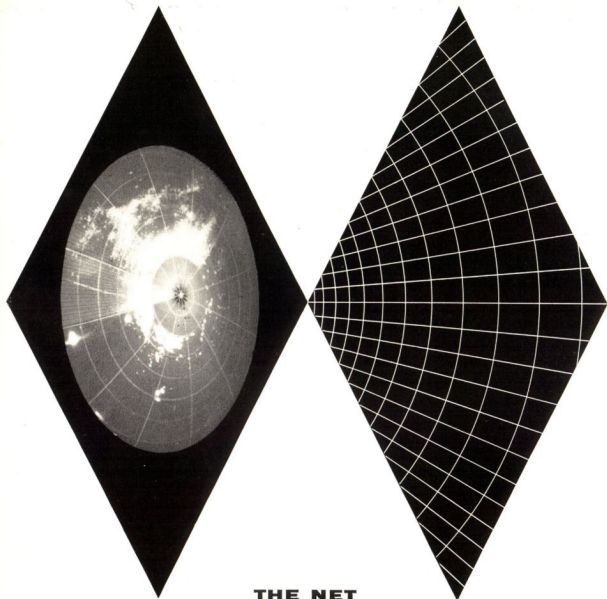
Washout. In Benton, Ky., the city council passed an ordinance setting a \$5 fine for "shooting, firing or squirting a water pistol inside city limits," set a \$25 fine on water-pistol vending.

Tiptoe Through the Tulips. In Trenton, N.J., the Medical Society of New Jersey advised middle-aged amateur gardeners to take it easy: "The aim is to dig flower beds, not graves; the result should be a summer of flowery pleasure, not a eternity of repose."

Good Intentions. In Manchester, England, haled into court for drunkenness after he was found slumped over his barrel organ in front of a bar, Organ Grinder Stephen Treverton explained to the judge: "It wasn't my fault; they kept giving me beer instead of money."

Civil Liberties. In Albuquerque, City Health Director Wayne Stell asked some celebrators of the city's 250th anniversary not to grow beards longer than six inches: "If they let 'em get any longer, we may have to require those who are food handlers to wear snoods."

The Talents. In Providence, the *Journal* carried a classified ad: "PREACHER-EVANGELIST, former thief and alcoholic, desires employment. Experienced truck driver. Will consider any honest labor."



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